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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

September 18, 1957

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Page 2

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SEPTEMBER 18, 1957

Vol. 25, No. 15

COMFORT, NOT LUXURY

OCCASIONALLY in these mad days of propaganda and woolly thinking someone makes a statement that is so sensible it's revolutionary.

For example, Sydney real estate man L. J. Hooker talked sound commonsense when he returned from an overseas tour recently and said that Australia does not need luxury hotels.

He's right, of course, because in a country like Australia with a small population and a comparatively small tourist trade there is little need for the sort of hotel which only extremely wealthy people can patronise.

The very term "luxury hotel" implies that about 98 per cent. of the people of this country could not afford to stay in it.

What Australia wants, and has needed desperately for a long time, are properly designed, comfortable, spotless, reasonably cheap hotels with efficient service.

They should be hotels where every bedroom has its own bath, where every bed has its private lamp instead of a fly-blown bulb on the ceiling, where the water is hot all the time, where the sheets are fresh instead of turned over, and where the dining-room is not run to a clock but for the convenience of guests.

Things like these are ordinary necessities, but people have gone without them for so long in Australia that if they suddenly materialised tomorrow the public would indeed regard them as luxuries.

Our cover

● Sally Ann Thompson looks suitably serious for an important occasion—cutting her first birthday cake. Sally is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Thompson, of Fairy St., Ivanhoe, Victoria.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● You can settle down to a nice juicy murder mystery this week by turning to the first instalment of our Margot Neville serial.

AUSTRALIAN Margot Neville, who has installed herself securely among leading mystery writers, is a familiar author to our readers.

This is the tenth of her novels we have published, and you'll be glad to find that those perennial sleuths, Detective-Inspector Grogan and Detective-Sergeant Manning, of Sydney's C.I.B., are still going strong.

TALKING of serials, we received an enormous batch of entries for that contest to devise another ending for Daphne Du Maurier's "The Scapegoat." We'll announce the result within two or three weeks. Meanwhile, we have arranged to announce the winners of our Short Story Contest in the October 16 issue.

ART for art's sake has a literal meaning when it's applied to cake icing. Think of it. You create a masterpiece. It takes hours. It looks beautiful. And people eat it.

Nevertheless, numbers of women delight in decorating cakes, and, having enjoyed the applause, resign themselves to seeing their creation destroyed. These will admire the Lilac Cake in this week's Home Section, and won't be satisfied until they have tried their hand at it. The novice will find the icing tips especially useful.

EVERYONE wondered when beautiful London model Fiona Campbell-Walter and millionaire Swiss industrialist Baron Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza delayed their marriage after the Baron's divorce from Nina Dyer last year.

The reason was the Baron's mother, who told him: "Let us not imitate the habits of American film stars by rushing straight from the divorce court into the registrar's office."

So Fiona and her Baron were married in Switzerland three months later, and on September 17 happily celebrate their first anniversary (story and pictures, pages 4 and 5).

PEOPLE have been ringing up to ask when our Portrait Prize Exhibition opens in Sydney. The date is September 25, and you can read all about it on page 7. Noni Rowland and staff photographer Ernest Nutt spent a wet Saturday at the National Gallery, Sydney, while artists panted in with their canvases at the last minute. A few hadn't chosen names for their pictures. Some consulted Noni. Should they call a picture "My daughter So-and-so," or "My daughter," or merely use the Christian name?

Since the title has no bearing on a portrait's merit, Noni was happy to offer an opinion on this matter. But she drew the line at answering, "Which shall I enter?" Some artists lugged as many as three canvases to the Gallery steps, still uncertain which two of them to enter. Here, as in most of life's important decisions, the artists found themselves alone. Nobody cared to take the responsibility of giving such advice, and they had to make up their own minds.

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"LA BOHEME"

Elsie Morison (Mimi, the little seamstress) and Max Worthley (Rudolph, the impoverished artist) in the Puccini opera, set in the Latin Quarter of Paris. The Elizabethan Opera Trust Company, now playing at the Elizabethan Theatre, Sydney, opened in Brisbane and will begin its Melbourne season at the Princess Theatre on October 2, before going to Adelaide.

FAMOUS STARS IN ELIZABETHAN OPERA



"TOSCA"

Joan Hammond (Tosca) and Ronald Dowd (Mario) in Puccini's equally romantic opera of love and political hatreds in Italy. In this First Act scene, Tosca, a famous singer, visits her lover in the church where he is painting. "Tosca" is produced by Arnold Matters. The other producers are Robin Lovejoy and Stefan Haag. The music director is Joseph Post.



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M01

"The Most Irritable Woman Ever known," Mother says

"I'm quickly becoming the most irritable woman in this neighbourhood," said a young mother, last week. "I don't know what's wrong with me. I've never been like it before. I adore my husband and kiddies yet I find myself snapping their heads off just because the children get healthily boisterous at times. I'm starting to get really worried about it."

Someone should tell her. She's suffering from nervous tension; suffering as far too many other men and women are. Her body and nerve cells need concentrated nourishment. They need Sanatogen. A course of Sanatogen would nourish her nerves back to full health. Sanatogen contains concentrated amounts of protein together with phosphorus. These essential nutrients exercise a high, lasting tonic action, not only on the nervous system, but on the body as a whole.

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Nerve Tonic.

THE THYSSENS

Guests raised champagne glasses to toast "all the happiness in the world" when Britain's top model Fiona Campbell-Walter married millionaire industrialist Baron Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza in Switzerland last year.



WISTARIA-COVERED WALLS of Villa Favorita.

IN the 12 months since their marriage — they celebrate their first anniversary on September 17 — the toast has come true.

Today the lovely red-haired Fiona is lovelier than ever as she housekeeps in the 30-room luxury Villa Favorita overlooking Lake Lugano; the Baron Henri is happy escorting his beautiful wife to parties, on mountain walks, in a speedboat on the lake.

Fiona was 24, Henri 34, when they were married in Lugano. It was a first marriage for Fiona, the daughter of Rear-Admiral Keith Campbell-Walter and Mrs. Campbell-Walter.

Henri, German-born but a naturalised Swiss and heir to an £18,000,000 fortune, had been married twice before.

His first wife was German Princess Theresa von Lippe, whom he married in 1945, the marriage ending in divorce seven years later.

Second wife was London

model Nina Dyer, who received cash and property worth £1,000,000 when their marriage ended in June, 1956, after 10 months. Nina married another millionaire, Prince Sadruddin, son of the late Aga Khan, last month.

The Baron's courtship of Fiona had a fairy-tale flavor. He took her driving in a white car pin-striped in black; commissioned Italian artist Pietro Annigoni, who painted the Queen, to do her portrait.

It was reported also that he so admired her blue angora twin-set that he offered to buy her a sports car upholstered in matching blue.

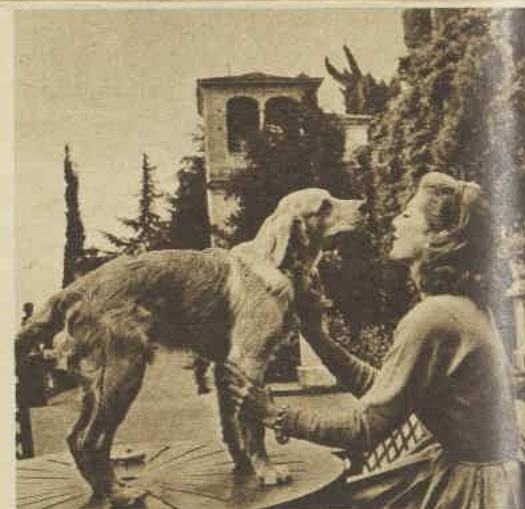
Another report said that when Fiona had toothache, he suggested flying her by private plane to his dentist in Vienna.

By contrast, their Swiss wedding was a "simple family affair," but during the ceremony Henri slipped a white gold ring on to the bride's finger to join a £23,000 engagement ring, and her pre-

FIONA'S DAY: Only a memory are her busy model days as the Baroness enjoys a leisurely luxury life.



TELEPHONE TALK in a medieval setting.



PET SHANDY is groomed on a terrace in the sun.



SEATED on Henri's knee at a motor race.



TWO-HOUR lesson in Italian, French, and German.

... "Happy ever afterwards"

sents included a pearl necklace with graded pearls bigger than peas.

Fiona said: "I am sure the marriage will be a success. We have no secrets, and tell each other about all telephone calls. We even read each other's letters. There will be no misunderstandings."

After the champagne reception Henri carried his bride, dressed in white lace and carrying a white bouquet, over the doorway of the villa where now she is in charge of the household, and, to please her husband, spends two hours a day learning languages.

The couple live quietly at Villa Favorita, which is reached by a mile-long, tree-lined drive.

In an adjacent wing, named "Glorietta," is the famous Rohoncz Castle Foundation Art Collection, housed in 20 exquisitely furnished rooms.

The collection, which was assembled from Rohoncz Castle by the Baron's late father, includes Van Dyck's "Annunciation," Durer's "Jesus Among the Scribes," a large family portrait by Franz Hals, and other paintings by Holbein, Titian, Tintoretto, Caravaggio, Velasquez, El Greco, Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Reynolds, and some 18th-century French Masters.

Villa Favorita is the Thyssens' family home. They also have a pink-washed house at Port Antonio, Jamaica, that has been turned into a "dream" home for winter months.

What does Fiona think of a life in which she is surrounded by every luxury? She said: "I feel overwhelmingly spoilt."



MARRIED A YEAR, the Baron and Baroness Thyssen in their speedboat on lovely Lake Lugano. As well as the Villa Favorita on the lake, the Thyssens have a winter home in Jamaica. Named Alligator Head, it has been remodelled for them. Inset at right shows their obvious happiness.



ABOVE: Informally dressed Fiona walks through a magnificent reception room in her Swiss home filled with priceless paintings and antiques.



RIGHT: Outdoor entertaining on the wide patio that overlooks Lake Lugano. Fiona, in socks, talks to a guest in the centre of the group.



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World competes for our £2000 art award

More than 400 paintings—about 100 more than last year—have been entered in The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1957. The entries come from 23 countries and from all Australian States.

OVERSEAS countries represented this year are America, England, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Belgium, Ceylon, Formosa, Ethiopia, Finland, France, Japan, Indonesia, Israel, Italy, New Zealand, South Africa, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Saigon, Malta, the Philippines, and India.

When entries closed on Saturday, August 31, a number of paintings still had to be cleared through Customs.

Practically every well-known Australian painter, including many now living or studying abroad, has sent in an entry.

Judy Cassab, of Sydney, who has won the £500 prize in the past two years, has entered again this year.

Jack Carington Smith, of Hobart, winner of the main award of £1500 in 1955, has also entered again.

Women competitors outnumber men by about three to two. Youngest entrant is 15-year-old Garry Shead, of Sydney, who submitted a portrait entitled "Lynne."

Throughout the week set for sending in entries, paintings arrived in Sydney by air, sea, and land.

One European woman migrant went to the National Art Gallery in Sydney the day she landed.

Discovering she was in time to enter the competition, she came back the next day with two entries painted in Europe.

Mr. F. Proudfoot, of Victoria, made a special trip by train to deliver his entry.

"I took it to a firm of car-

riers too late to have it delivered," he said, "so I decided to bring it up myself."

"I thought I'd be able to stay with my brother, but when I went to his house I discovered he was away on holidays and the place was locked up."

"But it turned out all right. I slept with my painting in a shed in the backyard."

In Sydney a number of local painters had a frantic rush to complete their entries in time.

Vladis Meskenas and Michael Kmit worked right through one night in Michael's flat finishing their entries.

Jean de Courteny had only two hours' sleep on the eve of the closing day.

"I had one entry completed, but wasn't happy with the other," she said. "I worked on it until midnight, had two hours' sleep, and then worked right through until an hour before the deadline."

"Then I couldn't find anyone to take me in from Palm Beach, and raced round looking for a taxi."

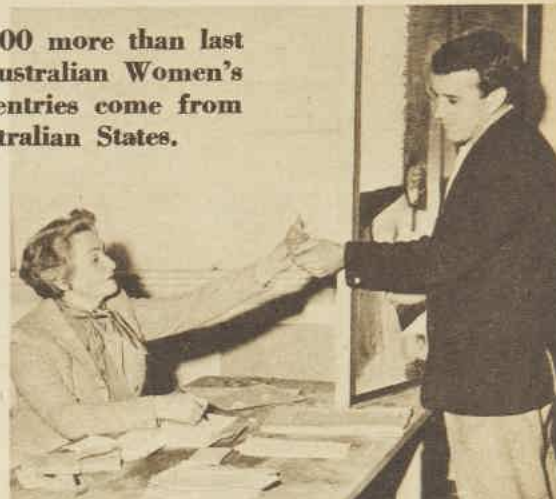
Jean looked exhausted.

However, the majority of painters had friends and relatives to help them deliver entries.

Kerry Dundas strapped his wife's painting on to the top of their car.

Sydney art dealer Rudi Komon, a friend of William Dobell, made a special trip to Wangi, near Newcastle, to collect Dobell's two entries, a portrait of a boy and a portrait of Helena Rubinstein.

Arriving at Newcastle Rail-



ARTIST Frank Hodgkinson checks in his entry with Mrs. J. Fowler, of The Australian Women's Weekly.

way Station on the return journey, only a few minutes before the train was scheduled to leave, Rudi was stopped by a guard just as he was about to board the train and told that the paintings would have to be weighed.

After some discussion the stationmaster was called in, permission was given to take the paintings into a compartment, and Rudi leapt aboard with the entries under his arm just as the train began to move out of the station.

Artist William ("Wep") Pidgeon came in with his wife, Dorothy, and a friend, who drove them in a few minutes before the 3 p.m. deadline.

They had had a tense race against the clock from Wep's home over the Sydney Harbor Bridge to the Gallery.

"Everything got in our way—just everything," said Wep, shakily filling in his entry forms. "I didn't think the cars in front of us could possibly go as slow as they did."

Practically all the late arrivals came into the Gallery with wet paintings. Most of

them had been working on their entries right up until they had left home.

Gallery attendants were cautioned frequently by harassed artists to "Please be careful; it's not dry yet."

There was considerable last-minute anguish among many of the competitors about the quality of their work.

"I know I shouldn't have done any more to that face," said one woman competitor with a wail in her voice. "I've ruined it! I know I have!"

Some had to be coaxed by friends into leaving their work with the comment: "Give it a go! What can you lose?"

As each painting was entered at the Gallery it was stacked in growing piles against the wall.

Every canvas will be inspected by the judges—the directors of the National Art Galleries in Australia.

The prizes for 1957 are the same as last year.

The sum of £1500 will be awarded for the best portrait of a woman, or of a woman with a baby or child, or of a child. The remaining £500 will be awarded for the best portrait by a woman artist.

If the winning portrait is painted by a woman, she will receive £2000.

SYDNEY artist Prof. G. F. Bisette carries his Portrait Prize entry into the National Art Gallery in Sydney. His portrait is of Nur-elle Webster.



ABOVE. Hans Selke, of Sydney, puts finishing touches to the frame of his entry in the Prize.

RIGHT. Mr. V. Watt, Customs officer, examines some of the overseas entries in bond in Sydney.



YOUTHFUL artist Ann Thomson, of Sydney, paints the name of her portrait on the back of her entry. Women competitors outnumbered men this year.



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**These are
Australian:**

IN THE LILY POND

● Tortoises and turtles are reptiles belonging to the same order (Chelonia), but the name tortoise is usually applied to land and freshwater forms. These have feet with toes whereas turtles have flippers. Tortoises feed under water, coming to the surface to breathe, and breeding ashore.

"The Living Bush" Book Order Coupon, page 36



LEFT: Long-necked Tortoise (*Chelodina longicollis*) is found in swamps and streams of southern and eastern Australia. Nostrils and eyes of a tortoise are on top of head, as in many amphibious reptiles.

WATERLILY (*Nymphaea gigantea*) grows in western and northern Australia and as far south as northern New South Wales. This picture by Mr. N. Chaffer, Roseville. Tortoise photographs by Dr. Allen Keast.



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TELEVISION PARADE

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● When TV was born here, sceptics said Australia wasn't experienced enough to rear this problem child. But time is the best story-teller, and all should cheer the first birthday of a bouncing baby, which got over teething problems with amazingly few tears.

YES, it's hard to believe, but TV is one year and more than 100,000 viewing licences old on September 16, the anniversary of Channel 9, TCN, Australia's first TV station.

It's been a year of achievement in both Sydney and Melbourne; achievement which the Federal Government's decision to launch TV in all other capitals fully bears out.

Nobody's saying it's been a perfect year. It hasn't. In fact, some shows, especially local live ones, vividly demonstrated the "Oklahoma!" discovery that "the corn is as high as an elephant's eye."

It's as well to remember, though, that the video corn-crop still has quite good seasons in countries like America and England, where TV is now old enough to be standing firmly on its feet.

Australia had the luck to benefit from early mistakes of others, but, even so, it's a remarkable first-year effort.

TCN's surprise birthday gift to viewers comes in the form of Johnnie Ray's appearance in the birthday-eve edition of "What's My Line?" (Sunday, September 15, 8 p.m.) after he breaks a different sound barrier in his race from airport to studio.

In a spectacular variety show the following night, viewers will see flashbacks of the year's outstanding events and programme highlights.

Perhaps the channel's progress is best shown by its leap in transmitting hours.

During a typical week in November last year, the channel telecast 56 programmes during 22 hours on the air.

By the week starting August 11 it had almost doubled these figures. The 85 programmes, including 32 live shows, extended over 43 hours.

That's not bad going. And what if it does mean viewers have developed square eyeballs and haven't finished clearing out that top drawer? It's been fun, hasn't it?



WILLIAM CLAUSTON, visiting balladier, has appeared on TV in seven countries. Channel 2, ABN, viewers have already seen him in "Focus" news spot, and Thursday's live Children's TV Club. His September 19 concert will be telecast.

FOR confirmation that Australian TV is on the right tracks, ask handsome, blond visitor William Clauston, who's captured TV audiences in America, England, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Madrid, and Hongkong, and who's welcome to block Sir Lancelot or more modern telefilm heroes out of my screen any time he likes.

Sydney viewers will have a good chance to form their own opinions of the 27-year-old American-born folk-song and ballad singer when his A.B.C. concert at the Town Hall is telecast on Channel 2, ABN, at 9.30 p.m., September 19.

The bachelor balladier, of Swedish descent, speaks English, Swedish, and Spanish, but puts his tenor voice to effect in 12 languages, with his own guitar accompaniment.

Here for an A.B.C. tour of Australia and Port Moresby, he took time out to tell me how impressed he's been with TV here, and how he's found it elsewhere.

"In Madrid, where I've worked mainly on my own show, 'This Is Your Music,' TV is really zany, amazing, and wonderful. They never have rehearsals, even for extravaganzas. You never know what you're to do next, but the whole effect is good.

"Even now I get butterflies before appearing on American TV. The pace is so terrific, and they haven't time for fools or mistakes. I love the calmness of B.B.C. television, where you discuss everything over a leisurely cup of tea.

But, then, I suppose that's British," he said, with a smile to melt ABN's cameras.

GETTING the facts, ma'am—just the facts about character changes in "Dragnet" (Channel 7, ATN, Mondays, 9 p.m.)—really takes "Dragnet"-style sleuthing.

Fans wanted to know why Officer Frank Smith, fast-talking partner of Sergeant Joe Friday, had joined the ranks of the Missing Persons' Bureau in recent episodes.

It seems that Ben Alexander, the regular Officer Smith, wasn't available for a few telefilmings in the current series, and Herb Ellis quite effectively stepped into the role until, after making three episodes, he died.

Then, apparently, "I'm-a-cop" Friday, played by Jack Webb, who also writes and produces the show, thought it better to introduce a new character rather than another stand-in, and that was the cue for Sergeant Ed Jacobs, played by Barney Phillip.

For viewers the plot had thickened, because Phillip, just a few episodes earlier, had appeared as a rather effective criminal being hounded by Officer Smith himself.

But don't worry! He didn't get his revenge by "bumping off" Friday's old-faithful colleague. Your favorite Officer Smith should be back on the TV beat any Monday now.

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FAMOUS AMERICAN FORMULA

Opera House concert

● Music for jazz fans, lovers of opera and the classics, and for those who simply like popular tunes all combine to make Musical Extravaganza, PICTORIAL Show's concert at Sydney Town Hall on Sunday, September 15, in aid of the Sydney Opera House Appeal Fund.

Musical Extravaganza will have:

- For the jazz fans, the Port Jackson Jazz Band.
- For opera-lovers, the Sydney Opera Group.
- For people who like light music, the Clive Amadio Quintet.
- For classical music-lovers, the Sydney Royal Philharmonic String Ensemble.

The leader of each group will introduce his quarter of the concert with a

talk on the music, giving the audience time to change from one mood to another.

Admission to Musical Extravaganza will be by programme only, and people will be asked to give 10/- or more a programme for the Opera House Appeal Fund.

The programmes will be available from Thursday, September 12, from Nicholson's, Paling's, and the A.B.C. Concert Department, or from Sydney Town Hall on the night of the concert.

CHAMPION CLYDESDALES

● The Clydesdales, massive, high-stepping aristocrats of Australia's farmlands, are a magnificent picture at the head of the Grand Parade in Melbourne's Royal Show each year.

NECKS arched proudly, and groomed to a mirror gloss, tails twisted into a neat bun, and manes rolled and tied into "standards," they look every inch the blue-blooded pioneers of the country's prosperity.

Their sturdy proportions indicate they were bred for toil, yet, despite widespread mechanisation on farms, there is still work for the stout-hearted horses of Scottish descent.

And there are still men who continue to breed the Clydesdale purely for the love of the magnificent breed.

Mr. Bill Mahncke, of Waverley, near Melbourne, is one of these men. He has been breeding Clydesdales for six years and has won eight championships at the Royal Melbourne, Dandenong, and Warragul shows.

This year he will enter six of the 129 entries in the Clydesdale section of the Melbourne Show. (In 1937 there were 257 entries.)

Bill Mahncke's love of horses is, perhaps, best illustrated in this story told by one of his friends:

"I once saw him take off his coat and throw it over a horse that was hot and sweating after a long drive, and likely to get chilled from standing in a cold wind."

Mr. Mahncke, a former market-gardener, regards his Clydesdale-breeding as a hobby. "I can't sell my horses," he said. "I get too fond of them. But I wouldn't keep a horse if it hadn't the right points of breeding."

In 1955 Mr. Mahncke's mare Asley Sadie was champion Clydesdale mare at the Royal Show, and supreme champion.

Sadie died last year six weeks after having given birth to a filly, Waverley Symphony.

Mrs. Mahncke brought up the foal by hand, feeding her six times a day with cows' milk, calcium, and molasses.

Waverley Symphony thrived on this diet. She is now a strapping yearling and will be entered in the Show this year.

Mr. Mahncke pays particular attention to the diet of all his horses. "If a horse is right inside, it's right outside," he says.

The six horses he will show this year live on chaff, bran, carrots, linseed oil, molasses, and minavit (minerals and vitamins).

Preparing these horses for the Show involves months of work, and dressing a Clydesdale for judging takes several hours.

Mostly, the horses live outdoors, but before the Show they must be trained to live in a stable.

They must also be trained to parade in the ring, taught how to walk correctly, and how to stand.

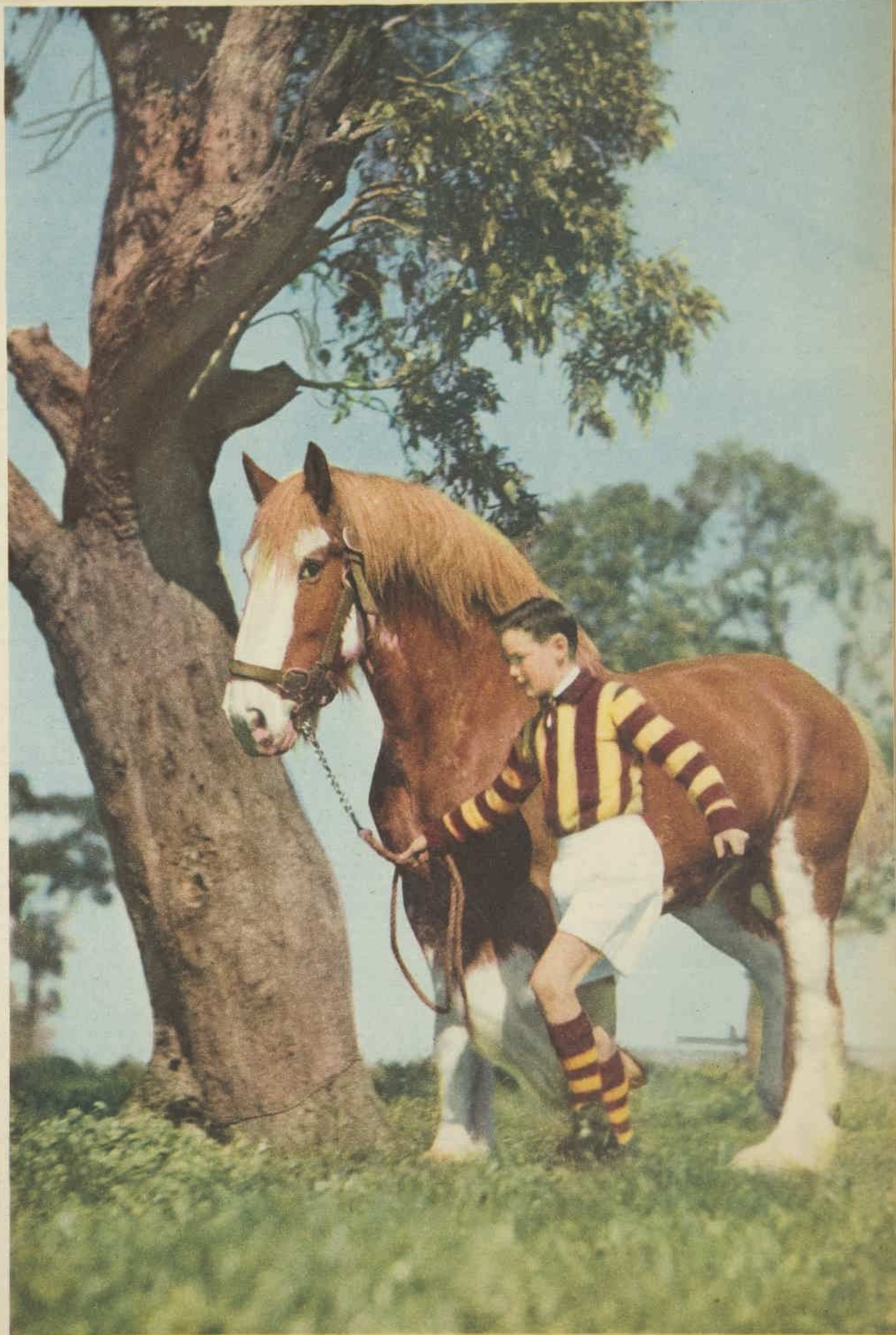
One of their most important decorative attributes is the "feather," or long white hair round the ankles.

This is kept oiled all the year to prevent getting dry, and breaking. The oil is washed out on judging day, and the hair becomes straight and silky.

The "feather" is trimmed and shaped with as much care as is lavished on the intricate chignon-like tail-bun which Clydesdales wear at the Show, and the rolled mane with bobbing "standards."

At Show time, Mr. Mahncke lives in the stables with the horses, and his wife and four children, Bill, 17, Helen, 15, Robert, and Susan, 8, keep him—and the horses—supplied with food.

"These horses are almost human," Mr. Mahncke said. "Sometimes they can be almost out of sight, yet, when I come home and wave and call, they gallop up to me."



HANDSOME CHESTNUT-AND-WHITE Clydesdale stallion, six-year-old Calendar Royal Prince, owned by Mr. W. Mahncke, of Waverley, Victoria. With his tail in a bun, his mane rolled and tied into "standards," his "feathers" trimmed, he will appear among the Clydesdales leading the Grand Parade at the Melbourne Royal Show. The champion is shown with Mr. Mahncke's twelve-year-old son Robert, who shares his father's love for horses. Calendar Royal Prince was Champion at Dandenong in 1956, Reserve Champion at Fern-tree Gully in 1956, and Reserve Champion at Warragul this year. This picture taken by Sam Blakeway.

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FATHER



"Does the light bother you?"

MOTHER



ELIZABETH MACINTYRE.

"It says here about delinquent children... 'In every case the parents are to blame.'"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

EVER since I attended a car-unveiling which featured mammoth balloons dropping from the ceiling, and a bikini-clad model (girl, not car), I have accepted further invitations, hoping to see a troupe of elephants or the Indian rope trick.

Last week I attended a party arranged to launch a 1957 car. The party was enjoyable but the ceremony unsensational—speeches were made and canvas covers removed from cars containing a couple of discreetly dressed girls.

A company representative explained: "That sort of spectacular show you speak of is reserved for completely new models as distinct from face-lifts. We bring out a completely new model every few years."

"This one is actually a face-lift. All this chrome trim, for instance. Chrome is fashionable now. And the redesigned emblem on the front. And some of those other points mentioned in the speeches—perhaps you didn't grasp them all?"

I interrupted to say that I had grasped some of the points, and especially liked the bit about the car thinking for itself, an admirable trait in a car.

This led the conversation to automatic gear-change. (Learning to drive has done wonders for my conversation at car-unveilings.)

Seventy-eight per cent. of American cars, according to my informant, now have automatic gear-change. A small Continental car, he claims, owes its big success in America to the line in its ads: "Thrill to the changing of gears again."

All this was interesting. So was the fact that the company which gave the party now has two-tone and tri-tone color schemes—419 color combinations in all.

But I am still hoping for the troupe of elephants.

LAATEST gadget news comes from a former colleague who noticed by a recent paragraph that I was neglecting to water my indoor plants.

This gadget is advertised in an American paper. When pushed into the soil close to the plant it shows a red light for dryness and a green light if the soil is damp.

My correspondent adds unkindly that perhaps I had better wait for one which flashes a light continually, like the weather beacon on Sydney's new M.L.C. building.

AMAN who runs a small business in the city keeps a close eye on the smaller items of expenditure.

"I know the staff use my envelopes for their personal letters," he said irritably the other day. "I regard some inroads on the stationery as unavoidable. But it comes to a pretty pass when we're using twice as many rubber bands as last year and I find it's because all the girls are doing their hair up."

IT didn't need a psychiatrist to find out that people who dislike common foods were often neurotic, but one of them announced this conclusion.

He is Dr. Richard Wallen, of Chicago, who found that six times as many neurotics as normal people wouldn't take cabbage, and 40 times as many disliked fried eggs.

This news took my mind back to days at a boarding-school where the rule was that you must eat whatever was put in front of you unless you were officially "excused" from some item by a

parental letter.

Those of us who had the healthy appetites common to growing girls were always a little envious of the more exquisite types who piped triumphantly, "I'm excused cabbage, Miss Blank," as a mistress served the vegetables.

Looking back, I cannot for the life of me imagine why poor, harassed Miss Blank didn't do one of them with a tablespoon, but at the time it was immensely impressive.

I remember toying with the thought of arranging to be excused from something dramatic, like Sunday-night cake, in order to join this superior minority.

But the desire to stand out in the crowd wasn't as strong as a liking for cake.

ENDING his term as chairman of Britain's Independent Television Authority, Sir Kenneth Clark said: "It surprises me how the public will swallow ladies and gentlemen with broken hearts howling into a microphone like amorous cats."

After Elvis
Came Pat Boone.
Bound to be
A new one soon.
People's tempers
Used to fray
At the howls of
Johnnie Ray.
Some asserted
Dear old Bing
Groaned and moaned
But couldn't sing.
Earlier
We went to bawl
Darlings of the
Music hall.
And no doubt the
Troubadours
Struck some folk as
Awful bores.
But the protests
Were outweighed
By the rest who
Sighed and paid.
What I mean is
Millions like
Caterwauling
In the mike.

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Over 1 million women have used...

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So convenient—so effective

SNO-MIST

POWDER-SPRAY DEODORANT

OVERWEIGHTS ANONYMOUS

Sydney women form solid body to prune the pounds

A stout battle against excess weight is being fought over an extremely wide front in Sydney. The antagonists are Overweights Anonymous, a fiercely anti-bulge, corset-conscious group formed recently.

The adversaries are, of course, ounces—hundreds of 'em.

THE figure-conscious OA's first met last month. Now members have a clubroom in a big Sydney store, and meet twice a week.

Evening meetings are planned for business girls unable to attend the regular sessions.

The club has diet charts supplied by the Department of Public Health, and members will be taught how to buy and wear flattering clothes and make-up.

One of the club's first activities was a talk on foundation garments, and the following week members took part in a corset giving-on session.

Founder of the club is German-born Mrs. Dita Cobb, who returned to Sydney recently after five years in Europe and America.

Boost morale

Dark, attractive, and on a diet, Mrs. Cobb is publications officer for the store.

"Overweight women in Australia are neglected," she said. "There are no clubs to help them slim."

"Getting to know fellow overweight sufferers—through this—is a large part of the club. Members can keep in touch outside of the meetings and boost one another's morale."

"One of my plans is for a department called Juno, instead of the OS," Mrs. Cobb said, "where we'll have big girls."

"What woman likes to stand, bulging out of her petticoat, while being fitted by a



ALL MEMBERS must "weigh-in" at each meeting. Here Mrs. Kathleen Larratt, of Maroubra Beach, N.S.W., tips the scales at 13st. 13lb. She hopes to reduce to 12 stone.

slim little assistant. She feels uncomfortable and ridiculous.

"We also want to establish a fashion forum, and contact dress manufacturers who turn out OS styles."

"Just because women are plump they don't want to look dowdy and matronly. They don't want to have only a choice of cross-over necklines or beading."

Club president Mrs. Anne

Roberts, of Manly, N.S.W., agreed. "There is only a limited range of styles for the overweight, and, while they're quite suitable for elderly women, they're certainly no good for the young," she said.

Mrs. Roberts, a young-looking grandmother of two, is confident about the success of the new club.

"Early this year," she said, "a group of friends and I decided to improve ourselves—you know, deportment and poise. So we went to a charm school and did a four months' course."

"We had a graduation fashion parade for matrons only, and that really started me."

"I've always been interested in modelling, though, apart from a little charity work, I had never done any before then. But I decided to go to some of the city stores to see if I could get work."

"I met Mrs. Cobb when she was thinking about starting OA, and before I knew it, almost, I was volunteering to be first president."

Mrs. Roberts keeps herself supple by exercising to a life-long pattern.

"I only do about five minutes a day—deep breathing, arm exercises, and touching the floor between my feet. And I walk everywhere I can. Walking is wonderful exercise."

Mrs. Roberts, who does not believe in stringent diets, thinks most plump women are exercise and diet conscious.

"It would be an excellent idea if OA could get stores to institute low-calorie food counters," she said.

I don't know about low-calorie food counters, but I do remember an old rhyme which goes:

"If you wish to grow thinner, diminish your dinner,

"And take to light claret instead of pale ale."

"Look down with an utter contempt upon butter, And never touch bread till it's toasted—or stale."

Although the advice, generally, is sound, there are, alas, just as many calories in toast as in bread.

The store in which OA meets has set up a low-calorie counter in the grocery department. A large poster tells the calorie-conscious how many calories are in each item.

Several country women have written to Mrs. Cobb about the club, and, as soon as country inquiries warrant, Mrs. Cobb plans to organise country auxiliaries.

"We'll get weekly reports



ONE THING ABOUT LETTUCE—you can always have a second helping without worrying too much about counting the calories. A member of the club helps herself to non-fattening salad from the buffet in the store restaurant.

and send them all our ideas. We'll also get out a bulletin to tell them what to buy in the way of clothes and food-stuffs, and where to buy it," she said.

One member of OA, attractive public servant Joy Whiteman, of Leichhardt, N.S.W., has put herself on a strict diet since she joined.

"I put on weight in the Air Force during the war—all the carbohydrates and the fresh air—and I've never been able to lose it," Miss Whiteman said.

"I do a lot of walking and I go on spasmodic diets. But I lose about a stone and then get discouraged."

"Now that I'm meeting women with a common aim it'll make all the difference."

Self-conscious

"I'd really like to lose about four stone," Miss Whiteman said. "Then I'd be able to do some of the things I'm too self-conscious to do now—dance, go to the beach, and join a theatre group. I've always wanted to act."

Mrs. Roberts and Miss Whiteman scoffed at the theory that plump women are more amiable than thin women.

"Fat or thin, we all have moods," said Miss Whiteman. "Size has nothing to do with it."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Roberts, "some people, men as well as women, reach



MRS. ANNE ROBERTS, of Manly, N.S.W., president of Overweights Anonymous. Mrs. Roberts does not believe in stringent dieting.

middle age and stop caring about their figures. They get fat, but they don't worry about it, and that gives them a reputation for being fat and cheerful."

Miss Whiteman endorsed the theory that most overweight comes from an emotional rather than glandular source.

"I know that if I'm bored, lonely, depressed, I tend to drown my sorrows in food," she said.

"And sweets are my downfall. I can stay on a diet for

a while, then I get a craving for sweets, and all the good is undone."

"But with OA to keep me in line," she said, "I might be four stone lighter in no time."

Although the club has existed for only a little while, most members report a loss of weight.

Most losses are small—between two and three pounds—but one woman has lost 12 pounds and is jubilant.

No loss of weight in three months, incidentally, means expulsion from the club.



CUSTOMERS may have special low-calorie meals in one Sydney store restaurant. Mrs. Larratt, left, samples a salad, while Mrs. Helen Jefferson, of Willoughby, N.S.W., treasurer of the club, looks doubtful.

ANOTHER 'SELLOTAPE'
CASE HISTORY

- why it's the brand people are insisting on

"Selltape" comes in just the right widths"

REGD. TRADE MARK

says Mr. R. Modystack, Purchasing Officer, Kelvinator Australia Ltd.



"'Selltape' was so useful to me at home I introduced it to the office. 'Selltape' is indispensable to this Company."

Like so many businessmen, Mr. Modystack tested 'Selltape's' reliability and usefulness at home. And, as Purchasing Officer to Kelvinator, he could ill afford to continue with an unreliable sticky tape. So he switched to 'Selltape'. 'Selltape' is stronger, it sticks at a touch and *stays stuck*, it comes in just the right widths.

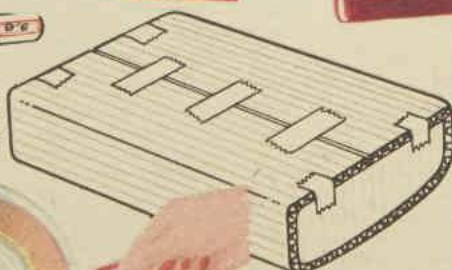
Maybe *your* business needs the most versatile range of tapes on the market. Call your nearest 'Selltape' representative for advice.



'Selltape' WRITE-ON TAPE labels anything, and you can write on it! Pen or pencil, it will never rub off.



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A2 A2 A2 A2 A2 A2



INSIST ON 'SELLOTAPE'!

BRAND





GUESTS at the reception which the Lord Mayor, Alderman Jensen, and Mrs. Jensen gave in honor of the Governor, Lieutenant-General E. W. Woodward, and Mrs. Woodward were Mrs. John Palmer (left), Alderman Bill Northam, Mrs. Northam, and Mr. Palmer.



CANDY-PINK SATIN STOLE over a gown of black-and-white patterned silk was worn by Mrs. Bill Adams when she attended the Lord Mayor's reception with her husband. One thousand guests were presented to the Governor.



BATS AND CHAMPAGNE PARTY in aid of St. Vincent's Hospital Appeal was given by Miss Kathleen Cobcroft (centre) at her Edgecliff home. Mrs. Arthur Cobcroft (left) and Mrs. Cecil Cobcroft were guests.



AT THE BUFFET DINNER arranged by the social committee of the Frank Saywell Free Kindergarten at the new La Bagatelle in Double Bay were (from left) Mr. and Mrs. John Bate and Mr. and Mrs. Norbert Snashall.



MONDAY IS SEWING DAY for these members of the Peter Pan Free Kindergarten Committee (from left), Mrs. Douglas Lamb, Mrs. Harry Meeks, Mrs. Alan Copeland, Mrs. Henry Sharp, Mrs. Norman Hill, and Mrs. Robert Brash, who hope to have dressed 200 dolls when their Christmas shop opens at the Rowe Street Opportunity Shop.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

IN November, when many London folk are seeking the warmth of Spain and the Riviera, Robin Keeling will leave her pretty house at 8 Mulberry Walk, Chelsea, for summer sunshine in Australia.

Robin plans to come by air via the United States for a two-month visit to her parents, the John Stantons, of Bellevue Hill. Husband John will follow in December, arriving in time for an Australian-style Christmas at Palm Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Stanton themselves set off this week to enjoy a month's cruise in Orcaades to New Guinea, Japan, and the Philippines.

ATTRACTIVE Margaret Walton has chosen historic St. Matthew's Church, Windsor, for her wedding with Dr. Dennis Arnold on September 14. Margaret, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Walton, of Tunbridge Wells, Kent, met Dennis in 1955 while he was doing a post-graduate course in England. . . she arrived in Sydney last April. Dennis is the son of the late Dr. and Mrs. G. P. Arnold, of Windsor, and his family home at Windsor will be the setting for the reception after the wedding.

THEY'RE engaged . . . Dawn Peacey, of "Burdekin," Collarenebri, and Keith O'Mullane, of "Tipperary," Collarenebri. . . Pamela Buckley, of Kiriath, and John Keating, of Canberra. . . Arts student Jennifer Phelps, of Northbridge, and Rugby Union international John Thornett, of Bronte.

PETRA is the unusual name Anna and Peter Playfair have chosen for their second daughter, a sister for fourteen-months-old Vessa. Petra's second name will be Madge, for her grandmother, Mrs. T. A. J. Playfair.

WEDDING bells will ring at St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, on December 4 for Jenny Roche and Tom Reynolds. Jenny will be attended by her sisters Josephine (Mrs. Michael Jones) and Judith (Mrs. Austin Chapman), and her six-year-old niece, Belinda Chapman.

FASHION highlights at the Lord Mayor's reception for the Governor . . . Mrs. Lionel McFadyen's gracefully draped gown of pearl-pink and grey chiffon . . . pretty Mrs. Dale Turnbull's full-skirted frock, a cloud of lilac tulle . . . U.S. Consul's wife Mrs. Joseph Dougherty's coat of flamingo-pink satin, lined with a paler pink to match her short evening dress.

MR. AND MRS. D'ARCY CLARK gave a family party at their Engadine home to announce the engagement of their elder daughter, Darcia, to John O'Donoghue. John is the elder son of Mrs. A. H. O'Donoghue, of Clovelly, and the late Mr. J. H. O'Donoghue.



RECENT picture of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arriving at Kuala Lumpur with their elder son, Prince William, for the declaration of Malayan Independence. The Duke represented the Queen at the celebrations.



ENGAGEMENT. John Playoust and pretty Therese Stormon, who have announced their engagement. Therese is the only daughter of the late Dr. P. J. Stormon, and of Mrs. Stormon, of Willoughby, and John is the only son of M. and Madame Fernand Playoust, of Killara.

For girls who are going places...

exciting new **HILTON** stocking colours



With these
fabric colours, wear

HILTON
"Taupe"

...and with these fabric colours, wear

HILTON "Pink Mink"



ELATION 15 denier for all-occasion beauty. 8½-11. Long legs, too, 9½-11. **12/11**

WALTZ DREAM TWIN-THREAD For fine good looks and sturdy wear, 8½-11. Long legs, too, 9½-11. **11/9**

WALTZ DREAM STRETCH Tip to toe comfort and sheerness. Sizes A, B, C. **14/11**

FANFARE The 15 denier mesh nylons that just can't run, 8½-10½. **16/11**

(Prices vary slightly in some States)

PRODUCTS OF HILTON HOSIERY LIMITED, BRUNSWICK, VICTORIA

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● A serious problem from a married teenager was the first to arrive on my desk this week. At 19, this girl, already a mother, is dissatisfied with her marriage.

HERE is her letter:

"I am 19, married, and have a baby 15 months old. At 17, I was two-timing with my husband and another man, when I discovered I was pregnant and had to marry. I have tried desperately to forget the other man, and make a good go of my marriage, even if only for my child. I can't forget the other man, I still love him and find it is starting to get me down worrying. What do you suggest I do?"

"Lost Love."

I suggest you count your blessings. First among them is your husband. Where would you be now if he hadn't married you when you were pregnant? Obviously the other man wouldn't marry you.

You have a husband and a baby and it's up to you to look after the two of them.

I don't think you have enough to do. If you did, you wouldn't be sitting down dramatising this great love you think you have for this man.

It is very human to look back and think you've let your true love, who really appreciates your wonderful qualities, slip through your fingers, and to compare him with your husband.

Your husband in your eyes is, no doubt, a dull man who keeps you cooking and cleaning as your youth slips by. Well, have another think.

It is a rare man who doesn't turn into a husband very quickly. You'd find a passionate lover, who didn't provide you with a home and food, quite a problem when you have a 15-months-old baby to look after.

"SOON I will be 17, and as yet I haven't had much to do with boys. I have only been out with two boys in my life, and one of the boys partnered me when I made my debut. Could you please tell me how soon I should let a boy kiss me? And should I let a strange boy kiss me if he is bringing me home from a dance? Please help me, be-



A word from Debbie...

EATING in a restaurant has its pitfalls. There are a few simple rules that may help you. I'll let you have the lot gradually.

There are generally two parts of the menu. One is marked "a la carte," which means you can pick anything at all on the menu and have as many courses as you like. The only limitation is your finances or those of your escort.

The second part of the menu is marked "table d'hôte." This is usually a set meal with a limited choice of alternatives, at a set price. (One of those meals when you may as well have the sweet because it's paid for anyhow.)

If you order steak, the waiter will ask you how you like it cooked. You tell him rare (still red), medium, or well-cooked. Generally if a steak is wanted rare, I find it's best to say medium, or the steak arrives sometimes still bleeding.

cause I don't want them to think I am fresh and I don't want them to think I am a prude."

"Worried Teena," S.A.

It is very hard to answer your questions, because kissing depends on so many things. How soon you kiss is limited by the depth of feeling, the occasion, and where you are.

You ask should you let a strange boy kiss you if he is bringing you home from a dance. Well, surely he wouldn't be strange if you were with him. I don't think any girl would be silly enough to accept an invitation from a stranger. If they do they are simply asking for trouble.

You should go home with whoever takes you to the dance.

It may be your parents, your girl-friends, relatives, or anyone. I don't mean you shouldn't go home in a big group of girls and boys, but to go home alone with a strange boy is very foolish. Don't do it.

Talking of kissing: It is a very interesting subject, I know, and one that is not easy to put out of your mind,

but if you can you'll enjoy yourself more.

The very best kisses are the ones you find yourself in the middle of without having given it a previous thought.

"ALTHOUGH I am 18 I know very little about going out with boys. One night some of my friends said something about 'necking.' I did not show my ignorance, but managed to pass the moment by. Could you please tell me if there is anything wrong with necking and what it means?"

"Troubled Tina," Queensland.

"Necking" is an American expression used sometimes by Australian teenagers. Within certain well-defined limits it means kissing. According to Americans, necking is not as intense as "petting," in which the kissing is far more passionate and the lovemaking goes much farther.

Is there anything wrong with kissing? No. But, of course, all lovemaking leads somewhere. Your conscience will tell you unerringly whether it is leading you into ways that are wrong.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

NOW that John Raitt has gone to Hollywood to star in "The Pajama Game," Alfred Drake remains one of the few big Broadway stars to resist the blandishments of the Celluloid City. John, who is heard in the original cast of "Carousel" and, more recently, in "Mediterranean Magic," is now on a new disc (T.583) called "Highlights of Broadway."

This is a most intelligently put-together record. It's not just a haphazard collection of songs from New York shows, as you might think.

John Raitt combines voice, acting talent, and musical know-how to re-create some of these "magical moments"

on disc, eleven of them. Most of them will be very familiar to you: "Soliloquy," "Younger Than Springtime," "I Got the Sun in the Morning," "Almost Like Being in Love," "So in Love," "Stranger in Paradise," and "Hello, Young Lovers."

The record is taken out of the commonplace by the inclusion of some comparatively rare and really excellent songs. From "Finian's Rainbow," a 1947 musical, he sings the charming "How Are Things in Glocca Morra," and the top track on the platter, "Old Devil Moon." The two other numbers both date from 1944: "I Love You," the big ballad from Cole Porter's other wise undistinguished "Mexican Hayride," and

"Strange Music" from "Song of Norway."

Raitt's polished singing is showcased against fine orchestral settings arranged and conducted by George Bassman. Since everything seems to indicate that John Raitt's future success in films is well and truly assured, you should make a point of hearing this record as soon as possible.

And if his voice should make you feel very romantic, don't forget that he really turns on the charm in "Mediterranean Magic" (T.714) with luscious versions of "Sole Mio," "Come Back to Sorrento," and "Serenade of the Night."

—BERNARD FLETCHER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 18, 1955

AUTUMN ELEGANCE BY LONDON DESIGNERS

● Here are four designs from the London autumn fashion collections, in which there is no outstanding silhouette. The unifying link throughout is elegance, and brilliant color carries through from day into evening. Materials are lavish and the fur trims and embroideries superb.



● John Cavanagh chooses superb gold brocade for the short-skirted formal (below). The dress has a smooth torso and slight fullness, is loosely pleated at the low hipline.

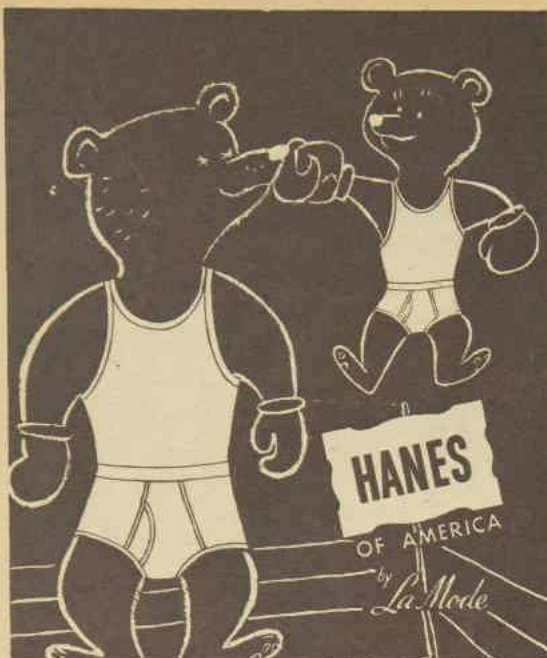
● Norman Hartnell uses lavish embroidery for his spectacular ball gown (above). The tulle overskirt puffs out over a stem-slim floor-length sheath. The color is dull-gold.



● Victor Stiebel's floor-sweeping ball gown (left) is made in shades of hibiscus-pink satin. Note how cleverly the deeper pink of the strapless bodice-top is matched to the stole.

● Michael's dramatic late-day suit (above) is made in ice-blue street velvet. The loose-swinging unbelted jacket has giant revers and is worn with a fur cravat. The skirt is slim.





Your family has men who'd like Hanes Fig Leaf briefs!

What pleasure wearing Hanes. Father and son both go for the soft absorbent comfort. What happiness washing Hanes! They wear and wear, and the tunnel top rubber waist bands and the elasticised leg bands stay strong through the garment's long life. What fun buying Hanes underwear! saving money, getting sound value. Mother—want the best underwear for Dad and the boys?

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ARRID

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ARRID — BE SURE!

Available in both smooth cream and handy Arrid "Super-Spray" dispenser.



Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

AS one who works in a school canteen, I can't help wondering if tuck-shops that open every day aren't more a menace than a help to parents. They may be all right for the children who always have plenty of money to spend, and it's really amazing just how much many have to fritter away on sweets. But what of the children whose parents can't afford to give them this spending money? Surely they must be affected in some way when they see others enjoying large and tempting supplies of mouth-watering sweets, ice-creams, and so on, while they go without.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Green, 12 Pendle St., Box Hill E.11, Vic.

WHY do so many people regard a young wife's desire to stay at home and look after her husband as pure laziness, and tell her so, too? I'm neither lazy nor rich, but both my husband and I think it is better for me to stay at home, look after my garden, and enjoy my leisure before we start a family. He doesn't want a working wife who is always tired and spends all the weekend washing and ironing. Some people like the life and money that come with a working wife, but we prefer a quiet, ordered existence, and don't crave luxuries. Yet we are not left in peace. Neighbors are always finding me jobs, and frown when I decline them. Don't they realise a woman's place is naturally in her home?

10/6 to Mrs. Gehrke, 125 Barolin St., Bundaberg, Qld.

I HAVE lived now for many years among Australians, who are famed throughout the world for their love of fresh air. Why is it, then, that fresh air seems to be the one thing most of them avoid? I have yet to find an Australian who keeps windows or doors open more than a crack or two, either in winter or summer. Another thing I have noticed about Australians is that many must have their "posh" car, even if their home is almost a wreck. Why not have a nice home first, and then buy a car? It seems much more balanced to do things this way.

10/6 to "Stephenie" (name supplied), Cessnock, N.S.W.

DO other readers regret, as I do, the passing of the old custom of shaking hands? I never feel properly introduced to anyone unless a warm hand-clasp has been exchanged. But today it's not uncommon to find that your proffered hand is left wavering unclaimed in mid-air. After a moment's embarrassment you lower it, merely giving a nod and smile. I don't think this is nearly as warm or genuine as a handshake.

10/6 to Mrs. H. R. McHugh, Box 27, Wangan Hills, W.A.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

Sharing the expense

I CAN'T agree with Miss Kelly (21/8/57) that the groom's parents should share wedding expenses. It seems to me that the bride and her parents get off very lightly, considering the groom has to supply a home and furniture and meet the expense of the honeymoon, not to mention all he spends on the girl while he is courting her. Most parents try to give sons a good start in life, either with an expensive education or a helping hand to get established in business. I'm sure this is much more expensive than marrying-off a family of daughters.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Newell, Box 66, Murray Bridge, S.A.

Don't blame the doctor

WHILE I sympathise with "Angry Mother" (21/8/57), I think she must just be unlucky in not being able to find a good family doctor who will visit her children without grumbles or delay. I have nothing but praise for the doctors I've had dealings with. We don't know how many urgent calls doctors have, how many meals and how much sleep they miss. Few of us give a thought to this side of doctors' lives.

10/6 to "Grateful" (name supplied), Dundas, N.S.W.

Family affairs

MY problem was finding how to get rid of a shawl that my three-year-old daughter greatly treasured. It had been taken shopping, visiting, and to bed ever since babyhood, and had reached the stage where it was worn beyond repair. Gradually I accustomed her to the idea that shawls were only for babies, and that the fairies would come one night and take it for a baby who didn't have one. When it finally disappeared, she was filled more with wonder at the fairies' visit than a feeling of loss.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Miller, 63 Church St., Yallourn, Vic.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

I WAS looking yesterday at some wedding photographs in the paper. The brides were very pretty and romantic in their satins and veils and flowers.

But how sadly the grooms had let them down!

They were wearing everyday suits. They looked like chartered accountants who had got married on the way to the office.

As a feeble bid for glamor, they had put carnations in their button-holes. But these unusual adornments only made their clothes look more out of place.

There is a split between the sexes over dress for weddings.

Most men refuse to get into the traditional long-tailed coat. They declare that it's undemocratic, sissy, and, above all, too expensive.

But the girl jumps at the chance to array herself in all the finery she can lay hands on.

She has looked forward to it for years. When she was little she played with bride dolls—whereas the groom never played with groom dolls.

As a result, the wedding is a lop-sided spectacle.

To make the groom's appearance worse, he often has a lump on his face where he fell down at the bachelors' dinner.

UNFURNISHED GROOMS

When the couple come out of the church they look like an ugly duckling hitched to a bird of paradise.

As a man, I don't like this state of affairs. It is bad publicity for our side.

What can be done to save the male face?



Two things are possible—either the bride should dress up less or the groom should dress up more.

The first idea is hardly worth considering.

Try suggesting to an engaged girl that she should be married in plain clothes.

She will hiss at you: "Listen! This is the only chance I'll ever have to dress like a bride doll. No-

body's going to take it away from me!"

The only solution I can see, therefore, is for the groom to put on a real show.

I mean long-tailed coat, striped trousers—the lot.

This suggestion may be a shock to my friends.

They will say it is extremely arrogant, coming from a man who does not possess a morning suit—or an evening suit, for that matter.

But that is beside the point. As I have a wife and three children, I am not a potential bridegroom.

The practical question is: How can a groom get hold of the required fancy-dress?

It costs too much to buy it for one day's wear, and most men dislike hiring clothes.

However, I have a constructive suggestion.

It is simply that manufacturers should make cheap plastic or paper wedding clothes for men.

They could be worn once and thrown away, like paper plates at a picnic.

Far-fetched, you think? But stranger things happen in this modern age.

For the budget bridegroom, I believe plastic trousers offer the best chance of competing with his bride's trousseau.

Train of Events

A short story
By **EVELYN
HALL-KING**

ILLUSTRATED BY BATTEN

FICTION SECTION



ANTHONY first noticed the ring when he cased out his long, perfectly tailored legs, removed his hat, to which no speck of dust clung, and prepared to settle down to the morning paper on the nine fifteen. A chance roving glance was suddenly caught by a bright sparkle that was remarkably out of place in the all-over dusty color scheme of the carriage.

Dazzled, he blinked and looked again, and dancing sunlight touched on frosty brilliance. It was an enormous stone, a very fine diamond. Anthony had good eyesight and even from the other side of the carriage he could see it was mounted in an intriguing gold setting.

He'd always admired beauty, alive or inanimate, and was content to watch the sparkle of the ring for some moments before it occurred to him to work his gaze from the ring to the hand, to the arms, and finally to the face of the owner.

It was then he received a shock. The barbaric splendor of the ring, its glowing richness, had led him to anticipate something of the same qualities in the woman who wore it. He was slightly put out, even annoyed, to find himself gazing into a pair of blue eyes that seemed to him completely undistinguished and at a small, heart-shaped face.

For a moment he stared. Then, realising the blue eyes were watching him with some amusement, coughed abruptly and buried his head in his paper. What on earth was the girl think-

ing? Did she imagine he was trying to pick her up? He turned over three pages without even noticing them.

He was a very correct young man, and it irritated him to think that anyone—even an ordinary, unknown girl—should deem him capable of such unorthodox action.

He settled down determinedly to the editorial and, caught in the web of its wordy illogicalities, did not raise his head during the rest of the journey.

From that time to the moment he boarded the nine fifteen the next morning, Anthony did not give the ring—or the girl—another thought. And he probably never would have done, but by chance he sat down again on the seat opposite her. At once he felt his temper shortening.

She looked even more ordinary this morning, he noted with some satisfaction. She was still wearing the ring and the movement of her hand flashed its brilliance at him across the carriage. It must have cost hundreds. How on earth could she afford it?

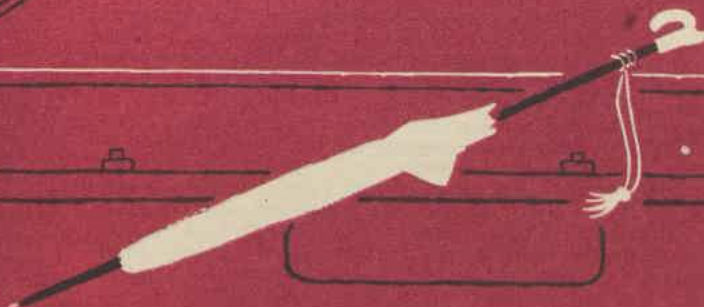
He rustled his paper, glanced at the headlines and then, reluctantly, back at the ring.

Ah, so that was it. She was engaged. Good lord, the man must be besotted, and also a millionaire. Curiosity finally overcame him. He lifted his paper and peered cautiously over it.

Obligingly, the girl was looking out of the window. He traced

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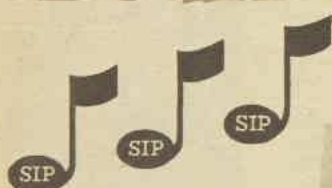
The girl was quite calm and poised although her umbrella was on the trainlines, but Anthony was horrified at the situation.



THEO BATTEN



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SUMMER
1957**



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Page 20

***Chef Bonneral knew he could make
a success of the dinner if he used . . .***

THE AMERICAN INGREDIENT

By PAUL GALLICO

IF there is one thing longed for by the average honest middle-class Frenchman even more than a comfortable retirement for his old age, it is to wear the rosette of the Legion of Honor.

By virtue of his diligence and superb mastery of his art, plus the caution and thrift of madame, his faithful partner through life, M. Arnaud Bonneval, chef of the Cordon Bleu and honorary member of the Academie Culinaire de France, retired, and now owner of the Auberge Chateau Loiret, was reasonably well secured for his declining years.

The supreme decoration of France, however, had eluded him. Nor was his position in such a modest village as Loiret on the placid Loire, even though it was on the trail of the tourists visiting the chateau in the summer, likely to bring him the prominence that might result in such a coveted reward.

But one could always hope, and each time the stout and greying little chef read of the cross and rosette having been bestowed upon some scientist or man of letters he would sigh with longing.

And Madame Bonneval, as rotund as he, clad in honest cashier's black, seated at her accounts in her tiny office off the foyer of the auberge, would comfort him with "It is you who deserves it if anyone does."

"It is for your sake even more than mine," Bonneval once said, glancing down at his immaculate white chef's jacket almost as though the rosette were already looming in his buttonhole. "When we went for a promenade and the decoration was admired, everyone would look to see this paragon of a wife who had assisted her husband to such eminence."

"Ah, Armand! I do not need any ribbon to convince me of your worth!"

Yet the yearning remained, even after the good fortune of their holiday trip to the United States. This was the gift of an impetuous Texas oil millionaire steered to the auberge by the famous Guide Michelin's rating of four crossed spoons and forks, and two stars.

After a delicious dinner he fell into conversation with the little chef, saying, "Boy, that was a sure enough tasty meal, I don't mind telling you. But we got some mighty fine cookin' back home, too. You ever eat barbecued spareribs?"

Bonneval indicated politely that he had not.

"What? Don't tell me you never had a real Southern fish fry with hush puppies or hog jowl with collard greens and not likker?"

"Why, monsoor," cried the Texan, "you jes' ain't never lived! You and madame gotta come over and be my guests! We got the finest cookin' in the world in the U.S.A!"

Have you ever encountered a Texas oil millionaire suffering from an aggravated fit of hospitality? They have not only the necessary persuasiveness, but also the cash. The result was that when Monsicur and Madame Bonneval closed the auberge, as they always did from January to April, they embarked at the expense of the millionaire upon a coast-to-coast gastronomic tour of the United States.

And the interesting part was that Monsieur Bonneval discovered that the Texan was quite right. For the chef was too great an artist himself with the skillet and saucepan to be a chauvinist. He greeted and acknowledged perfection where he encountered it. And he was enthralled by some of the recipes and dishes he discovered in America.

However, upon their return, life resumed its normal tenor, and his ambition to achieve the final honor to crown his career remained strong.

Now there is this about an auberge, honestly conducted and starred by Michelin—namely, that you serve many hundreds of people in a month; they arrive; they order; they consume; they call for the bill and depart, and you do not know whom you have entertained, satisfied, or even charmed.

One day a letter arrived at the auberge out of the blue that sent Bonneval and madame into an absolute hysteria of excitement and happiness.

It was on the stationery of the Cercle Intime des Grands Gourmets de France; in other words, that sacrosanct inner circle of all the gastronomic organisations of the country, those supreme knights of the palate and the gizzard, formed of the most sensitive and exclusive overeaters of a nation devoted to defying indigestion on many fronts.

The missive read in part:

"As you may know, this club tenders an annual banquet to

His Excellency the President of France, and for which each year a French chef of outstanding accomplishments is selected to compose the menu and cook the dinner.

"Not long ago the Duc de Coubertin happened to dine at your auberge. A member of this club, he professed himself an admirer of your art, and has forwarded such an unstinted and glowing report of your accomplishments and such is his influence with our club that you have been unanimously nominated for the post of Chef du Cercle for this year's dinner."

"Write us that you accept, cher Maitre Bonneval, and send us at once your menu and choice of dishes, so that it may be printed and given to the Press in advance of the banquet, which is next month. You are, of course, aware that the entire responsibility for the dinner will be yours, and once you have made your choice there is none can interfere or alter your decisions."

Monsieur and Madame Bonneval read and reread this eloquent letter with tears streaming down their faces, and then embraced each other. For the selection as chef to the *Cercle Intime* for the annual banquet tendered to the President and a few members of the *Corps Diplomatique* almost automatically carried with it the coveted award of the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

"My dear husband, I am so happy for you," wept Madame Bonneval. "Now at last your true genius has been recognised."

"Oh, would that I were indeed worthy," cried Bonneval, in a seizure of becoming modesty, "and could somehow give something extra in return for this great honor that has come to me!"

And then, as by lightning from the sky, compounded in part from his deep sense of gratitude, and the memory of his recent visit to the vast and fruitful land across the sea, Monsieur Bonneval was riven by an idea.

The idea embraced how he might be the instrument to perform a good work, earn his decoration, and at the same time indicate his gratitude to the generous host from Dallas who had made it possible for him to learn the culinary secrets of the Texans, with their chillies and enchiladas, the Alabamians with their fritures, the New Englanders with their chowders and dumplings, the Idahoans, who produced a fabulous pomme-de-terre, the Californians, who roasted meat in a charcoal pit.

"Maman!" he shouted to his spouse, who was already seeing the receipts in the black-jappaned cashbox doubled once her husband wore the red rosette. "Do you know what I shall do? I will combine all that I have learned on our recent trip, and cook a United States dinner for the President of France, thus proving my skill and originality as well as cementing Franco-American relations. Will this not constitute a sensation?"

"Perhaps it might be wiser if—" began Madame Bonneval, but then concluded, "Prepared by you, I am sure that it will be a most wonderful repast." Had the chef not been so gripped by excitement and pleased with his marvelous notion, he would have seen that her reply was slightly less than enthusiastic. Often women have a fatal intuition.

Shortly after, Monsieur Bonneval, having accepted the invitation, forwarded to the Cercle his menu, consisting of ten courses and side dishes spreading from New England to the Mexican border, bounded on the east by the Atlantic and on the west by the Pacific Ocean.

A secretary acknowledged receipt of this novel and interesting bill of fare, and confirmed June fifteenth as the date at the Ritz in Paris.

He noted also that, although this was likewise the occasion of the annual dinner at the same hotel of the Chantilly Hunt Club, an organisation devoted to the chase, supported by wealthy British and American sportsmen currently residing in the charming area of Chantilly, there would be no interference. The Ritz would provide Monsieur Bonneval with his own kitchen and all the assistance he needed.

And in due course also there appeared at the Auberge Chateau Loiret a scruffy-looking reporter from a Paris paper with dirty cuffs and even dirtier fingernails. In France it is not unusual for representatives of the Press to appear in less immaculate condition.

Hence, Monsieur Bonneval was neither on his guard nor in his innocence of the world, aware that this specimen was filled with the gall, wormwood and general overflow of malevolence characteristic of his political affiliations.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 18, 1957



ILLUSTRATED
BY PHILLIPS

The fellow named his paper, which meant nothing to Monsieur Bonneval, whose reading was confined chiefly to a sheet giving intimate details of the love and home life of bicycle-race riders. The reporter then said, "I have seen the menu you have presented for the annual capitalistic orgy of—that is to say, the Fete des Gourmets of the Cercle, and wish an interview."

"But, of course," replied the unsuspecting Bonneval. "Ask me what you wish to know, and all shall be made clear."

"That idea of presenting North American dishes—"

"Ah, yes. An American millionaire from the famous State of Fort Dallas, in the country of Texas, invited me there. In gratitude to him and this great nation that is aiding us so nobly in combating the evils of Communism I shall cook United States."

The reporter coughed, produced a crumpled cigarette from a soiled packet, extracted a frayed vesta and lit it. Then, consulting Bonneval's menu from a typed sheet, he asked, "This strange item here in the middle of the repast called the 'hush puppy'—what is that?"

"Oh, oh! The hush puppy! This is a most famous and extraordinary food of the inhabitants of the city of Florida in Tallahassee where I have visited."

"Indeed. How, for instance, would you translate this dish?"

M. Bonneval reflected. "To be exact," he replied, "it would be called 'Tais toi, petit chien.' Is not that adorable?"

"Indeed," agreed the reporter. "But what is it, and how did it come by this astonishing name?"

"Ah, ah!" said the delighted Bonneval. "Well may you ask. It is the most touching of stories. It is a dough comprised of white maize flour, baking powder, salt, milk, water, and a large chopped onion, and fried in the fat devoted to a friture of native dishes."

"Yes, yes, but the origin of the name?" pressed the reporter.

"I was arriving at this," said Monsieur Bonneval. "It is the custom in the Southland, after the hunt or the fishing, to gather about the campfire for a fish fry. There the hunters relate exaggerated tales to themselves and their faithful Negro retainers with their dogs of the hound variety, who sit around the outer edge of the firelit circle of the camp where the evening meal is cooking."

"The odor of the food frequently excites the younger animals in charge of the darkies, causing them to make the disturbance with barks and whines. Then one of the hunters detaches a piece of this marvellous maize-and-onion cake fried in the fish fat and hurls it to the animal, saying softly, 'Hush, puppy. Be quiet, little one.' The satisfaction of this food, it is said, is miraculous, and once a beast has engulfed a portion of it no further sound emerges from him, and thus the evening's entertainment may proceed without further interference. Is this not a beautiful custom?"

"Quite," said the reporter, and, having pumped Monsieur Bonneval some more, permitted the friendly little chief to treat him to a meal and a bottle of wine, and then departed for Paris.

The storm broke three days later. It began, of course, in the Communist paper with a story headlined:

"U.S. Insult To France! Gesture of Contempt! Native Chief Bribed To Give French President Mixture Fed To Dogs of Negro Slaves in Florida Concentration Camp!"

Just as the President in the inner room rose to give his speech, the pack of hounds started an uproar.

The Radical Socialists, fearful that the Communists had latched on to something this time, took it up, as did the parties of the Centre and the Right.

The menu composed by Monsieur Bonneval for the Cercle, which had previously been ignored by the Press, was now published in every newspaper, with stinging comment and editorials reflecting all political and cultural shades and opinions.

"French Chief of State To Dine On Dog Biscuits," trumpeted one. "Dishes of the Savage Indians of the Mountains of Texas for France's President," headlined another. "Has Bonneval Been Bought?" asked a third.

"Can it, then, indeed be true," inquired a fourth, "that it is seriously proposed at the annual banquet of the sacrosanct Cercle to compel the elected head of the French nation to consume a drugged cake used to calm hysterical hounds belonging to the uncivilised inhabitants of a still barbarous portion of the United States?"

The De Gaullists took the nationalistic line and demanded to know since when the classic French cuisine had not been good enough for Frenchmen. The Socialists wrote of American imperialism and interference with the internal affairs of France.

Bonneval was denounced as a traitor in the Assembly—the first time the members of that body apparently agreed on anything. There were repercussions at the Quai d'Orsay, and the ripples eventually reached the State Department in Washington, causing a query to be cabled to the American Ambassador in Paris.

Poor Bonneval found himself plunged into a sheer hell of notoriety. He was badgered by the Press. Hordes of reporters descended upon peaceful Loiret. He was the recipient of petitions and blackguarding mail, and was subjected to abuse and pressure of every kind.

The Cercle itself, consisting for the most part of aristocrats and professional people disinterested in politics, took a strong line and issued a statement to the effect that the banquet was traditional, and once the chef was selected the entire responsibility for the menu remained with him. The club would under no circumstances interfere.

But this left Bonneval alone to weather the tempest, buffeted

hither and thither. He was no reed, however, but a man of courage and stubbornness. He was a Frenchman, and independent, and he refused to budge, though, of course, all hope of his Legion of Honor faded.

The harassed chef had one silent champion in the person of the American Ambassador, a cultured and patient man who was already fed to the teeth with the dangerous antics of French politicians in international affairs, and who diplomatically refrained from taking any part in this controversy.

But privately he remarked to his wife, "By George, the little fellow has courage. If he serves that dinner I'll see that he gets a decoration from the U.S.A. if it's the last thing I do."

But the unhappy affair was taking its toll. The unfortunate chef began to lose some of his rotundity. Worry and lack of sleep drained the cheerful stoveside-red from his face.

But the dignity of Monsieur Bonneval under these attacks was something splendid to see as he stood firm on his decision to present the best dishes of France's old friend and ally. His physical as well as moral courage was an example, so much so that a few more daring souls even began to speak up in defence of his rights.

And then, suddenly and inexplicably, Monsieur Bonneval yielded. At first the news was received with astonishment and scepticism until it proved to be true, confirmed by the Cercle. The pressures had apparently been too much for

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Grand Prize

A short short story

By GORDON GASKILL

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

I DON'T know what the ambassador would say if he found out one of his attaches was buying lottery tickets. Probably nothing. Perhaps he buys them himself, like everybody else in Spain.

Next to bullfights and Soccer, lotteries are Spain's biggest sport. There's some kind of drawing almost every week, but the granddaddy of them all is the one held just before Christmas.

Spaniards get wildly excited about that Christmas drawing, but then the Christmas Grand Prize is a lot of money—fifty million pesetas—which works out at about 1,250,000 dollars. And tax-free, too.

The tickets are sold, year round, all over Spain. Every number is divided into one hundred parts, and most people buy one part, which costs about a dollar.

As soon as the winning numbers are drawn, nobody in Spain works or eats or thinks of anything else.

Yet I'd forgotten about the drawing, although, like everybody else in Spain, I had a one-hundredth ticket, too. I was walking along the Prado in Madrid, when I passed a cafe, and saw the winning figures chalked up—and excited people looking at them.

Number 141414 won the Grand Prize. My hand was trembling as I dug out my wallet, and looked at my own counterfoil. It was 141415. Close, but no cigar.

I was used not to winning, but to be so near . . . Even my one-hundredth cut would have been about 12,500 dollars.

Finally, when my disappointment cooled off a little, I remembered where and how I'd bought my lottery ticket, and I was almost as excited as if I'd won myself.

It had been last summer, in Palma de Mallorca, where I go for vacations whenever I can.

To be more specific, it was one night in a little wineshop called the Two Lions.

Most tourists have never heard of it, but I liked it, and so did a lot of old Palma hands. It was cool and dark and comfortable; the wine was excellent, and very cheap, and everybody liked Hernando, the young man who ran it.

Well, Hernando owned it, anyway. He had inherited it from his father, but his wife actually ran it—and ran Hernando, too.

I don't know whether Maria was really, physically, bigger than he was, but she always seemed so.

She had a sharp voice and snapping black eyes that kept track of everything and everybody in the Two Lions. And one of those eyes never left her husband.

If Hernando smiled twice at a pretty Swedish blonde, or wanted to give credit to an old friend who was hard up—well, Maria would say something sharp, or give him a long, hard look. And he'd collapse, surrendering, muttering something like, "Yes, my love," or "Yes, my dove."

But that night last summer Maria was visiting her mother in the country.

Hernando was a different man, with her gone. He had a brighter gleam in his eye; even his voice sounded deeper as he sang to his guitar.

When a lottery ticket vendor came in, he demanded to see what numbers were for sale in the Christmas lottery. He looked them over swiftly, then took one block of numbers and yelled, "A sign! A sign from heaven!"

He grabbed my arm. "Look, my fine American friend! I am born the 14th of this month. And here is a number with my own birthday three times—141414! Three times—that itself is lucky, yes? How can I lose?"

The vendor beamed, and began tearing off the usual one-hundredth ticket.

"No!" Hernando roared, stopping him. "When heaven gives a sign, a wise man does not quibble. I take all of them, the whole hundred!"

There was a sudden silence. A whole number cost about 100 dollars, a lot of money for a small-time Spanish wine seller.

Somebody sniggered. "What will Donna Maria say when she comes back?"

That shook even Hernando for a moment. But then, defiantly, he shouted, "I do what I do!"

He did it, too. He had to empty the cash register, and even go back into his house to find the rest of the money, but he made it.

It was contagious. Nearly everybody else bought some kind of ticket from the vendor that night. I took my usual one-hundredth, from the next serial number: 141415.

And now, walking slowly along the Prado, I wondered what Hernando would do with the money. Would he leave his shrewish wife, sell the Two Lions, and go live like a king somewhere in a palace?

It was months before I could get over to Palma again. My plane landed in mid-afternoon, and I had a cab drive me straight to the wineshop.

Outside, anyway, nothing seemed different, except for the big, shining car. Since it was too soon for tourists, it must be Hernando's.

I went in, and saw Hernando himself sitting alone at a table reading a newspaper. When he heard my step he jumped to his feet, with a big smile.

"Welcome back, señor!" he said, spreading wide his arms. "It has been too long a time!" Without even asking, he brought a carafe of my favorite white wine.

We lifted our glasses. "Congratulations!" I toasted him. "To the lucky millionaire!"

He smiled oddly when I told him how glad I was that nothing, nothing real, had changed.

"Changed?" he said. "Ah, señor, much has been changed. Much.



The little wineshop was really his, but his wife, Maria, actually ran it—and Hernando, too.

You remember the one who asked what would happen when Maria came back and found that I had spent so much money for a whole number?"

I nodded, and he shook his head ruefully. "He was right, that one!"

Maria had been, he admitted, like ten thousand wildcats. She had screamed and jeered at him, insisting he try to re-sell his tickets, and get some of the money back.

"Finally I had to agree, señor," he shrugged. "One cannot live in a hurricane night and day. But it was not so easy, to re-sell so many tickets. Still, I have friends—and clients, who are also friends. So all but one were sold. She graciously allowed me to keep one ticket."

"If it'd happened to me," I said, "I'd have cut my throat after the drawing, to think of those other ninety-nine winning tickets I'd let go."

He nodded. "My first reaction also, señor. And yet . . ." He smiled, as if to himself. "Life is a strange thing, señor. Who could ever dream how this would turn out?"

"First," he went on, "who held the other ninety-nine winning tickets? My friends, my clients. They become rich, and whom do they thank for it? Me, Hernando! To them I am their lucky talisman;

they are grateful; they come here more than ever. My business has never been so good.

"Secondly, my friend, although I had only one ticket, still it won me 500,000 pesetas, and that is not a nothing. I have my dream of a car, new clothes, money in the bank—and at last a bathroom in the house, inside."

"True," I said. "Still, when you think about what you could have done with all the rest of the money . . ."

He smiled again. "Indeed, señor, I have thought of this many times. And I have reached a certain conclusion—that I very probably would have made a fool of myself. As it is, it has brought me things that not even a billion pesetas could ever buy."

I was puzzled, and must have looked it.

He chuckled. "You ask what I thought of missing so much money. Has it not occurred to you what my wife would think? She who forced me to sell those tickets? Can you imagine her feelings? No, I don't suppose it is easy for you to understand." He stopped and smiled con-

tentedly at me for a moment or two.

"But now!" he said, leaning back in his chair happily. "Now, señor, all is changed! Whenever Maria raises her voice or makes an angry face, I have to say only one thing, señor. I say to her 'one-four-one-four-one-four.' That is enough. Instantly she must think of the fortune we lost because of her. And what can she say? Nothing!"

He emptied the last of the carafe into our glasses. "So, señor, I have won something most men cannot buy. I have won peace, a happy marriage, an obedient wife. What man can ask more of this life?"

He turned slightly in his chair. "Maria!" he called, not sharply, but with calm command.

The curtains at the inner door fluttered, and Maria came in. A different Maria, subtly changed, seeming somehow smaller. Not servile, not unhappy—indeed, happier, softer, more womanly.

"Maria," he said casually, "bring us some more wine, please."

She moved swiftly to the big barrels. "At once, my love," she smiled.

(Copyright)

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MURDER WAS HER WELCOME

First long, exciting instalment of the
latest murder mystery by
MARGOT NEVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

THE airliner, ten minutes' flying time from the airport, began to lose height in a series of planned small falls, planned but still capable of causing a fleeting qualm in the breasts of its half-hundred passengers, not unlike the sensation of that dream in which one drops—drops to wakefulness with racing heart.

Coming to meet them, the earth clothed itself in trees and rocky chasms, in red-roofed suburbs and Noah's Ark gardens, and ahead a slanted sheet of water opaquely blue. Air hostesses came along the aisle folding rugs, putting away magazines, taking down hand luggage. A strip of letters sprang into light, ordering the extinguishing of cigarettes and the fastening of seat-belts.

The seven-hour hop across the continent from Darwin, the last stage of the Super Constellation's three-day flight from England, was over.

Julia Wetherby turned from the window and met the waiting glance of her companion. He was fingering and aligning the shafts of his glasses as though in an attempt to centre their vision more accurately on her face, a trick of his that she had come to know so well in the past two weeks, to know and secretly to cherish.

He said: "Well, here it is . . . down we come out of the clouds . . . a horrid bump coming."

The face that Lindsay Barrett gazed on so thoughtfully through his big horn-rimmed glasses had little that the sharpest sight could find fault with. There was ready laughter, yet depths to drown, in the eyes of shining cornflower-blue set apart just widely enough and darkly fringed. Her mouth was full and curving, her hair ended in a wavy, glistening line on the broad brow. In fact, everything about Julia Wetherby rewarded scrutiny, the plain little fine-wool suit with its stamp of Paris, the crystal transparency of her throat rising out of the snowy blouse, the narrow hands, the finely turned, slender ankles and arched feet.

She glanced aside from his all-too-speaking gaze, and stopped a passing air hostess. "How long before we touch down?" she asked.

"Ten minutes," the girl told her.

Julia began to do things with bag and gloves, buttoned the coat of her suit. "Ten minutes," she said. "Well, Lindsay, it's been terribly nice." There wasn't as much crisp brightness in her voice as she hoped for. "I never expected to enjoy a long plane trip. Two months ago, going over, I hated it. But this has been—"

Quickly he put up a hand to stop her. "Don't say it. Don't go on." "What?"

"Because it sounds suspiciously like a preface to something I don't want to hear."

The look in her eyes deepened, she nodded slowly. "That's very perceptive of you. You've guessed precisely right if you mean that you don't want to hear me say we're not going to meet again."

"I don't want to hear it and I won't subscribe to it. Not for one moment. Not meet again!"

"No, Lindsay . . . no. I know I'm right, not after today."

He said grimly: "You're exactly one fortnight late if your object is to save me the pangs of hopeless love."

It was she who protested now. "You mustn't say that, you mustn't think it. I never heard such nonsense in all my life. A few dinners together, a few nights dancing, a luncheon or two."

"Or three—or four. Or fourteen! Fourteen days and not one of them without a sight of you."

"Don't be difficult," she begged. "I thought you saw from the beginning, I thought I made it clear all the way through—"

"You did. You showed me plainly. But I'm afraid that didn't prevent me from—well—from falling head over ears in love with you."

"You'll get over it."

"I don't get over things like this—at least, there hasn't ever been anything like this before. For me."

Or me, she told herself. Or me, darling . . . never anything like this that I feel for you.

Aloud, she said: "That's why I say it's got to end before it begins."

"It began the first moment I set eyes on you," he told her. "Why do you think Kay Broughton asked you to that party of hers where we met?"

She stared. "Well—she just said come along. Nothing very strange about that, is there? She rang me."

"Because I asked her to. Because I'd seen you—only seen you, mind!"

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Page 24 THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 18, 1957

Ron Laskie



*The two women who were closest to
Edmund Wetherby in life . . . Julia, his
blond wife, and dark-eyed Olive, his
secretary . . . were the ones to find him
in the terrible moment of his death.*



September 1951

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— talking to her in the Times Bookshop the day before and knew I had to meet you."

"Oh, nonsense!" she said. "Old Fate and all that, eh?" But was it nonsense? She had seen him, too, just briefly standing nearby at a table of books, and how vividly that moment had imprinted itself on her mind! A young man—no, not so very young, thirty-four, she now knew—neither very tall nor short, with an interesting scholar's head, a broad forehead, and close-cropped hazel-colored hair. Hazel eyes, too, she had found on closer acquaintance, and a wide mouth that had instantly held a thrill for her.

He went on: "I brooded on you all that day. Kay warned me, she said it'd be dangerous for me. She told me you were married, and were going back to the very same city I was bound for. And after that first evening—which I spent getting a crick in my neck hanging over your chair, not knowing there was another human being in the room—why do you think I had nothing to do but haunt you next day? And the day after. And the day after that. No broken hearts, you say, but what a trail of broken engagements!"

She thought, she, too—little as he guessed it. Every day for that last fortnight in London she had pushed everything else away from her, knowing that in the morning her telephone would ring and it would be he. And that insane decision to travel home on the same plane with him, telling herself fifty times a day that she was crazy and ought to be thinking only of husband and home, but in between whiles keeping well in touch with the air people for a cancellation on this plane. Getting it at last, and letting Lindsay think that she was leaving earlier because of some family affair, some family function she wanted to get back for. Well, this was the pay-off . . .

"Anyhow," she said firmly, "the flight's over, and the airfield's just ahead. Edmund's waiting for me, and will, I assure you, take up all my time

and attention, and your new job will do the same for you." A Lectureship in English was the job that Lindsay Barrett was coming out to fill at Sydney University.

"This," he reminded her, "is the long vacation."

"I know, but I told you I always spend weeks of the summer out of town, up with my husband's sister and her family. For his polo. And you'll be plunged into a new world, making lots of new friends." She opened her bag, took out her powder-case, looked at herself unseeingly.

Silently he watched her. "How stony-hearted you are."

"Am I? As for you, Lindsay—I'm amazed at your foolishness. You stand up on a platform teaching your students about Cleopatra and Romeo and Juliet, all the great love

tragedies, and what do you learn yourself? Eng. Lit. is strewn with the corpses of fatal lovers, and I do not intend that we shall add to the pile."

"I'm not suggesting anything of the sort," he said. "I'm only suggesting that we don't fade right out and not know what's become of each other. Surely we can meet in a friendly way, surely I can take you to luncheon, and you can ask me to dinner, or I can drop in at your house for a drink sometimes and—"

"And!" she said. "Yes, and! And drink a man's claret with one hand and fondle his wife's hand with the other. Laugh at his jokes, telephone when you know he's out of the house. No, Lindsay, I can't face that future for you, and all the harm it might do you."

"You're extraordinarily ten-

der about my career, aren't you?"

"I am. But it's not only you I'm thinking of. Edmund hardly deserves that kind of treatment from me. He hasn't strayed away with anyone else. And, anyhow, I think I'd be an untalented deceiver." She turned away and looked down out of the window. "The air-strip's just ahead . . . The fortnight is over."

He was dropping books and oddments into a travelling-case, smoothing the straight hazel-colored hair, straightening the glasses again. "We shall see," he said quietly.

"We have seen," she murmured. "We have seen."

Someone in a rear seat laughed.

Julia looked back sharply over her shoulder. The laugh seemed to have a mocking note. Was that Fate, at which she had so lightly jeered a moment ago, waiting to pounce and mocking her feeble struggles to escape?

The plane rose a little . . . banked delicately, the wings tilted . . . the wheels touched down.

Two hours earlier that morning Julia Wetherby and her husband, Edmund, had been the theme of the Kellers' breakfast-table conversation-piece. Conversation for three: Alec Keller, Katherine, and their son Raymond. A shabby though pleasant enough and tenaciously clung to small house in Darling Point. Sun slanting across a moderately abundant table: porridge, tea, bacon and eggs. Good silver, unmatching china. Alec, ex-Air Force officer, invalided out, pensioned, thickening to fifty, his once florid hair and skin beginning to dim to a sandiness, his once dashing personality grown daddified.

Katherine, still slender and resolutely smart, but fighting a losing battle against the middle forties, against the price of steak, Alec's laziness, against the old house's need of continual repairs. Raymond, twenty, tall and well built, better looking than either parent, and demanding from life in the way of cars, clothes, and cash incalculably more than they, at his age, would ever have dreamt of asking.

Lately, to his mother's prayerful relief, Raymond seemed to be sticking to a job, car salesmanship, and even saving. He had saved enough money to put down the deposit on a good car, which he drove not too furiously and looked after with tender care. Altogether, he seemed more contented and less in need of her watchful protection against a critical world. Around her son, Katherine

wrapped all the passionate love of her fiery nature.

The telephone in the hall rang. Katherine went out, spoke briefly, came back, plumped into her seat.

"Julia's plane's been delayed," she announced. "It was three hours late leaving Singapore on account of engine trouble. She won't be in till ten."

Alec lowered his paper a fraction, his handle-bar moustache appearing over the top of it. "Julia?" he repeated. "I didn't even know she was arriving today."

"Julia?" Raymond echoed, his expression curiously stilled. Katherine looked from one to the other with her customary exasperation. "I told you."

"You did not," Raymond said. "You said she wasn't coming till next week."

"Well, she is." She changed her mind and decided to come back a week earlier. That was Edmund on the telephone. More tea, Alec? He drove down from Meryton this morning. He's breakfasting at the Union Club. Of course we must give her some sort of a welcome or something."

"Meet her at Mascot?"

"No, I asked Edmund to bring her round for a drink before dinner this evening, and he said they'd be delighted." Her hands went up to her grey-splashed dark hair. Would it do or would she have to rush out for a set? "We can get off one or two people at the same time," she reminded herself sotto voce.

"That's the idea," Alec said brightening, but not too markedly.

A grand idea for him! Her dark eyes flashed. Plenty of gabble and gin for him and an afternoon in the kitchen, fixing canapes for her!

"Well, it's well to be Julia," she said, looking past her husband's head out the window and across the lawn to a glimpse of bay seen through trees. "To have a husband as rich and easy-going as Edmund. Letting her fly off on

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Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

(from page 25)



● Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

I WAS taking out my first and new-born daughter when I met an elderly lady friend. She asked to see the baby, and as I unwrapped the shawl I said: "She's only very tiny."

As quick as a flash came the reply: "Well, you wouldn't expect a thoroughbred to give birth to a draught horse, would you?"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. D. Moretto, Hicks Street, Charters Towers, Qld.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

THE family were sitting at dinner and conversation turned to hair tinting. I asked my husband: "How would you like to see me with one of these new hair tints?"

Before he could reply, nine-year-old son said quickly:

"Oh no, Mum, I like your hair best as it is, black and white."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. E. Crossfield, 16 Hainsworth Street, Westmead, N.S.W.

● Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Worth Reporting

COMPARED with the billy tea and salad or barbecued chop, eaten mainly fingers-fashion on the Australian picnic, England's outdoor eating is a major production.

A recent issue of an English women's magazine has some startling-to-Australia ideas for the hostess who wants to boost her reputation as a picnic-giver.

It says: "It tastes so much better out of doors; will really mean something when you spoon out piping-hot main dishes from a handsome three-decker vacuum container (price about £A9) that serves eight or nine.

"Cornish pasties, baked potatoes, crusty French rolls, you can carry them all, oven-hot, to the beach in an insulated bag (about £A1).

"Chilled fruit salad can be kept at its frosty temperature in one of the new, wide-mouthed flasks (£A1/12/9).

"Anybody still hungry? Top up with hearty savories on hot, buttered toast, for there's a neat four-slices-at-a-go grid-toaster that works on any stove or picnic fire.

"Time for tea? Let's put the kettle on, one that will even perk a good brew of coffee for elevenases."

The magazine also suggests the food to go with the equipment. For the big vacuum flask are recipes for chicken casserole with Spanish rice and peas to fill its three compartments; for the open-mouthed flask, fruit compote; for the toaster, savory spreads.

Caption for an illustration with the article says: "There's nothing like comfort. A well-finished wooden table stows four canvas-topped stools, folds flat, and is carried like a suitcase."

All of which sounds like luxury outdoor eating, but what housewife will feel like a picnic after all the cooking, and where will father fit the children after he's stowed all the equipment in the car?



ANY ideas we had that Sydney's traffic snarl problem isn't serious were quickly dispelled at a recent cocktail party in honor of two Air India executives, Mr. S. K. Kooka and Mr. A. Dubash.

There was a sudden lull in the conversation and a masculine voice cut in with bell-like clarity.

"...so I had to put on my clean shirt in a traffic jam on the bridge."

A new deal for budding actors

A NEW deal for Victoria's promising young actors is likely to follow a recent world trip by Peter Randall, director of the Little Theatre, Melbourne.

He is so enthusiastic about the Children's Theatre he saw in Cleveland, Ohio, that he hopes to found a similar theatre in Melbourne.

Run in the summer months when the children are on holidays, the Ohio theatre has 300 student members.

Attached is a school where children aged from six to 16 learn dancing and interpretation, drama, mime, and so on, from teachers who are all university graduates in their subjects.

Mr. Randall hopes to bring one or two of the American teachers to Australia to help set a similar Children's Theatre on its feet here.

Prisoners who've left their mark

A WALL built by life-sentence men at Darlinghurst Gaol, N.S.W., a century ago has featured in the modern decor of the £500,000 Hotel Elizabeth, built in the wide-open spaces of Adelaide's new satellite town, Elizabeth.

The decor is by Langdon Badger, who gained his honors diploma in industrial design and color co-ordination four years ago at Sydney Technical College.

The college is housed in the old gaol, and Langdon's inspiration for a winning fabric design came from working in a studio overlooking the convict-built wall.

Every afternoon the "lifers" had marked with individual signs the stones they'd laid that day, so that a check could be made of their work.

Langdon reproduced these markings on dish-cloth to create a rough stone appearance. Now the effective "prison print" is in production, and the first bolts have been used for curtains in the Hotel Elizabeth's 18 bedrooms.

Another original note introduced by Langdon, who now lives in Dulwich, S.A., is the black and silver-grey Menzies tartan carpet in public rooms.

WHEN the world's first space-man, Major David Simons, of the U.S. Air Force, soared 20 miles up in a steel capsule swinging from a balloon, his menu for the 32-hour trip was bacon and eggs.

All of which seems very earthy fare to children who soar to the fifth floor of one of Sydney's department stores.

Space-minded children in the restaurant there can order a satellite, flying saucer, and radar-juice. Of course, it looks like a poached egg, plate of bread and butter, and glass of orangeade when they get it, but how much more appropriate it sounds for a "meal in the clouds."

AT HOME ON THE RANGE

● Mrs. A. L. Jefferies, "Glen Valley," Whyte Yarcowie, S.A., wins this week's first prize of £20 in our Strange but True Contest.

LAST year I took my three-year-old son, Peter, with me to spend a holiday at a station in the rugged Flinders Ranges, 400 miles north of Adelaide.

One day we left the homestead to pick up a load of timber, travelling the first nine miles over a little-used road, and making our own tracks for

the last three miles. The going was so rough that the truck and Land Rover took an hour to cover the distance.

After lunch young Peter wandered away from the men and children who were load-

STRANGE BUT TRUE

ing the timber. He circled a hill, returning to the "road" at a point where he could not see the truck.

Thinking we had left without missing him, he started to follow the homeward tracks. Meanwhile, we searched the hills for him, and at dusk, despairing, went to fetch help from the homestead.

It was pitch dark when we got there, only to find Peter asleep at the back door.

I can still hear that little voice saying, "Why didn't you wait for me, Mummy?"

HOW TO ENTER

WRITE your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.



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Baby troubled with teeth? then NEW-FORMULA Steedman's Powders will bring safe, sure, swift relief! Made to a revised prescription in line with modern medical trends, Steedman's Powders restore regularity to baby's system when upset, feverish or constipated.

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MARIGNY
Smart Set

The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair.

3/11 everywhere



DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● For summer living by the sea, fashion loves the look of a two-piece sunsuit with its own front-buttoned skirt.

THIS fashion item answers a young reader's holiday query. Here is her letter and my reply:

"IS a playsuit with its own skirt being worn this summer? I am going to a beach house for my annual holidays and want to make a nice outfit to take with me. Could you provide a pattern for the style? My size is 34in. bust."

Illustrated at left is a resort suit with its own skirt, designed to be worn on and off the beach. Buttoned, the skirt is converted from a sunsuit to a chic one-piece resort dress. Note the new-again, bloomer-type shorts, finished with neatly tailored bands. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"CAN you suggest a blouse style for a cherry-red tussore type of silk with a white spot? The blouse is to

be worn with a straight skirt in white cotton gabardine."

My suggestion is a shirt-blouse cut with generous fullness and designed to be worn belted as an overblouse or tucked neatly into the skirt. For the belt I suggest white kid.

"WOULD you suggest a spring-into-summer outfit that can be varied with accessories? The color is to be navy. Would you suggest a fabric? My size is S.S.W."

A slim skirt topped by an easy jumper would be a smart basic ensemble for summer. For the material I suggest linen. Have the top hip-bone length, buttoned down the back, and finished with a wide, high, boat-shaped neckline. For the accessories I like the idea of a sou'-wester hat in coral straw, navy kid

handbag and shoes, plus milky-white beads and short white cotton gloves. The suit, minus the beads, plus a white hat with a brim rolled casually back from the forehead, and a white chiffon scarf, would look entirely different. Have the scarf made from 1½yds. of chiffon folded triangularly and tied at the back. A third idea would be to wear a short-sleeved white cotton shirt under the "top," the collar turned out to dress up the neckline.

"DO you think I should take a cardigan or coat on an ocean cruise?"

Sea breezes are apt to be cool, especially at night. You'll be well advised to take a light coat and a cardigan—just in case.

"WHAT is a good teenage style and material for informal parties?"

A prettily patterned cotton made with a full, street-length skirt and sleeveless bodice-top is the best teenage party-dress I know. From under the bosom have velvet ribbons tying crosswise and finishing at the back with a bow and streamer ends.

"MY problem is some style of dress and jacket to take up north on a holiday. I am 18 and have quite a slim figure."

A halter-necked sheath in candy-pink and white cotton with a brief matching jacket would take a full day of holiday-making in its stride.

Beauty in brief:

The well-groomed brow

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Few people are endowed with perfect eyebrows; most brows need grooming and well-applied make-up.

TRIM away stray hairs that spoil the general outline, but don't pluck from the upper edge of the brow.

Don't give up if you have sparse or non-existent eyebrows.

These days, practice, plus the big selection of eyebrow-pencils—grey, black, and all shades of brown—brings perfection within everyone's range.

It's a good idea to have two pencils

and to keep them both well sharpened.

Use one that approximates your hair color for the general outline, then "fill in" the outline with quick, light strokes, using the same pencil, then a darker one to give a more natural appearance.

Brown and grey is the correct pencil combination for most people; black as an accent is too obvious and should be reserved for brunettes.

DS264. — Shorts, top, and matching wrap-around skirt in sizes 32 to 38in. bust, requiring 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

The secret of professional dressmaking success as easy as ABC for you to use at home



VILENE INTERLINING SHAPES A MATERNITY JACKET

Idea! Interline the front of a maternity jacket with Vilene and see how straight it will fall! Use light-weight easy-to-sew Vilene here.



VILENE INTERLINES STRAPLESS BODICE

Vilene shapes a bodice firmly, securely, without bones. Use Vilene medium- or heavy-weight.



VILENE IN POCKETS AND WAISTBAND

Vilene makes and keeps shape in skirt pockets and waistbands. Use medium-weight in band, light-weight in pockets.

Now YOU can sew that professional dressmaker' shape into the clothes you make at home with wonder interlining Vilene. Vilene is washable, dry-cleans, easy to use — and, most important, holds the shape so well that you don't need to use starch!

PIN THIS UP OVER YOUR MACHINE

What Weight to Use Chart

FEATHERWEIGHT	Vilene 40	Combine with fine silks, nylons, soft woollens.
LIGHTWEIGHT	Vilene 50	For collars, cuffs, facings, and as a complete interlining for the Princess and Empire lines.
MEDIUMWEIGHT	Vilene 65 Grey 70	Summer frocks, stand-up collars, flaring half-slips, and collars of heavy woollen topcoats.
HEAVYWEIGHT	Vilene 80	Strapless bodices, belts, waistbands, Wedding Gown petticoats, hats, beachbags, cummerbunds.

VILENE, THE NON-WOVEN MIRACLE INTERLINING, IS NOW AVAILABLE AT YOUR STORE



Lovely **Grafton** Anti-shrink Fabrics for Summer

One that's new:

**We introduce new Grafton
Anti-Shrink cottons that resist stains**

We spilt sauce, tea and coffee on the dress we photographed. Daring? No, that dress won't stain (thanks to "Calpreta's" magic finish). Try our test on your own new Grafton Cotton, then shake the dress — the stain will roll off leaving no mark. Sponge any stubborn stains with warm water. Grafton cottons wash — drip dry — need little or no ironing. Buy cottons with the standard finish by the yard too.



Those you know:

**"Silk Look" Lavenelle, the wonderful
fabric that you can't tell from silk**

Even a silkworm can't tell Lavenelle from silk. Lavenelle is silk's image (in gorgeous new prints, too). Has silk's feel — all cool and costly — but Lavenelle is not expensive. It's just a fraction of pure silk's price! See popular Grafaine, too, in a multitude of prints that are perfect for every new fashion. Lavenelle and Grafaine are "easy to wash, easier to dry and easiest to iron" and they're both Anti-Shrink.



See the new Grafton Anti-shrink Fabrics in wonderful prints for home dressmaking, and in fashions by "Adelyn" in Ann, Susan and Little Susan fittings, and in "Rosecroft" styles by A.B.Y. in fractional fittings.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Sept. 16

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in managing people.	★ A pat on the back could work wonders for someone whose ambition has sagged. Interest on your part might spur a talented person to success.	★ Love for home and family may take over, and you show it in a demonstrative manner. If the family are busy with their own affairs, don't feel hurt.	★ That new chum in the office may have a heart of gold, even if he's no oil painting. If he is strictly business that's pure camouflage. A romance nears.	★ If you lived on a desert island you wouldn't have the problem of getting along with other humans, but you'd miss a lot of fun. Don't see too much of one person.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in popularity.	★ Planetary aspects hold a bright spot for you, so keep on striving. Don't accept second-best choice or what is inferior. It won't be satisfactory.	★ You're all for efficiency until hospitality, romance, social life take a hand and send the old schedule off the rails. Don't let that guilty feeling spoil fun.	★ The borderline between a partner at a dance and going steady is easily crossed. It is going to take quite a while to say good-night after that gorgeous evening.	★ While friendship starts with similar tastes and interests, perhaps working together for the community, it can be kept alive only by fairly frequent meetings.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in an old box.	★ There is progress in connection with any deal involving money, especially if regular payments must be met. Insurance and property are to your advantage.	★ You face your share of domestic mix-ups with steady confidence in your ability to win through. Co-operation from the family counts this week.	★ Cultivate any hobbies you both share. If you both like music, invite him in to hear that new record, if you ask one or two, a party results.	★ If you cannot blend your efforts with those around you, rather than maintaining the conflict it is better to retire and enter some other sphere.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in the letter-box.	★ If an associate asks for your advice, know all the facts before giving an opinion. Information withheld could make your advice worthless and you might be blamed.	★ You can become too fond of sticking to traditions while the household would gladly branch out and go modern. Move with the times.	★ Does that boy-friend of yours ever open a book? Sports are fine, but the mind can do with a bit of exercise, too. Find out what sort of book he enjoys. Lend him one.	★ If you worry over trifles you will find it wiser not to take on responsibilities in which your nervousness may be passed on. Have fun among the rank and file.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in the market-place.	★ Success may not be so much due to talent and opportunity as to concentration and willingness to do the drudgery involved in every undertaking.	★ Since you are certain to have a say in money matters, don't be awayed by sudden bursts of generosity. Be patient when demands are made on your heart.	★ Your path may cross regularly with that of an attractive member of the opposite sex. You know each other by sight, but are not acquainted. You'll meet soon.	★ A test of a well-balanced person is the ability to say "yes" or "no" to an invitation to join a group. Many fine opportunities may not be right for you. Discriminate.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in getting your own way.	★ A chance meeting with someone with whom you have had a misunderstanding could point the way to patching it up. Don't reopen old arguments. Start from scratch.	★ Build up personal relations with the family and look twelve months ahead. Face problems, decide what you should do, then dismiss them from your mind.	★ New developments in love affairs often grow out of a romantic situation. A slight accident might mean walking home and discovering you've met the love of your life.	★ Recreation has a valuable task to perform, and your sign can often renew its energies by going outdoors, playing a game, or indulging in physical exertion.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in finding a lost article.	★ Should an attempt be made to pump you in regard to a confidential piece of information, keep mum while you carry out a bit of detective work.	★ All work and no play is bad for you. No sense of duty should drive you to the point of sacrificing all your leisure to home or children. Mingle with people.	★ If you've quarrelled, decide whether your love is worth patching up. If the cause was trifling, don't be ashamed to take the first step. If important, let things drift.	★ Certain aggressive associates may cause you to shrink into your shell. Don't subscribe to what you feel is a mistaken policy. Your protests will bring respect.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, violet. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a budding romance.	★ Stick to your judgment in business affairs. The careless advice of others could persuade you to share speculative enterprises and consequent losses.	★ If you've been feeling the restraint of economies and discipline, the reins are looser now and you may find more time for club work, friends, and former activities.	★ Perhaps you like several and can't make up your mind which one appeals most. Don't attempt to date with each in turn just now or you may lose the lot.	★ If you're on the winning side don't boast of your prowess or rub it in when others are losing. It is harder to be a graceful winner than a good loser.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in asking a favor.	★ Opportunity is increasing and ambitious folk find new sources of income. A number take on part-time work again after having given it up.	★ Take care of domestic obligations immediately and do not make an issue out of which member of the household should carry out what responsibilities.	★ Give your beloved a chance to shine by your side. Congratulate him if he acquits himself well. Boys have less social poise than girls and need praise.	★ Go ahead and do your best. You'll never please everybody, and the worst critics are those who won't take on the work you are doing. Make it full steam ahead.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23 - JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck through an unexpected source.	★ Specialisation is often a good bet, and if you can give even a little time to systematic study you may discover your hobby has cash value.	★ A number of matters connected with your home which you should have perceived a long time ago now stand out clearly as calling for your attention.	★ Don't growl at your beloved if he is slow to take a hint. He has other gifts which are just as important, but his intuition may not be as keen as yours.	★ You can learn from others, but they, too, can learn from you. You are apt to be short on imagination, but long on common sense. Friends will listen to you at present.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in attention to details.	★ Restrictions are, occasionally, foisted on us by others. You would be wiser to do what you really want to do and to tell others to experiment on themselves.	★ Acting on impulse, you could set up impossible programmes. Attempting more than you can handle, you may be too tired to enjoy good fortune.	★ If you've been separated geographically from your best-beloved, he'll be coming home soon. If there has been a slight rift in the lute it will shortly be mended.	★ You may wander off by yourself because you have to think out your future course of action or you may be occupied with a scheme not yet ready for publication.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck through teamwork.	★ Thoughtful kindness can add to your popularity. Little gestures that entail no expense make your presence felt. No one can have too many loyal friends.	★ A romantic attitude in the home can always be felt. You can, if you choose, create it out of perhaps unpromising material. If you are happy, folks love you.	★ He's definitely marriage-minded whether the date is now or in the distant future. Don't worry about not measuring up to his high ideals. He picked you.	★ Have that final flutter now, for soon your social activities will slacken off. During a social evening you might hear of an attractive proposition.

How to keep clothes party-fresh year after year!



"I've found that clothes stay new-looking so much longer when I wash them in VELVET,"

says MRS. J. BRENNAN of Garland Street, Naremburn, N.S.W.

"Like most biggish families we're 'hand-me-down' experts," laughs Mrs. Brennan, "but I couldn't keep the kiddies' clothes so fresh and colourful without my Velvet. Baby frocks and woollens once worn by 8-year-old Josephine are still good for little Theresa... and goodness knows how many times they've seen the inside of a wash tub. Same with the boy's clothes... Velvet gives them as many lives as a cat!"



Mark is four today... and three brothers, three sisters and bright-eyed Mrs. Brennan help to blow out the candles. They'll soon be singing "For he's a jolly good fellow"—and that's when Mrs. Brennan deserves to take a bow too, for with Velvet's extra soapy suds to help her sail through her big wash, she's the "jolly good fellow" who made this party possible!

Specially selected, fine, soft oils—including coconut oil—give Velvet a lather unequalled for gentleness. Its exceptional purity makes Velvet pleasant to use and harmless to the most sensitive skin.

Velvet

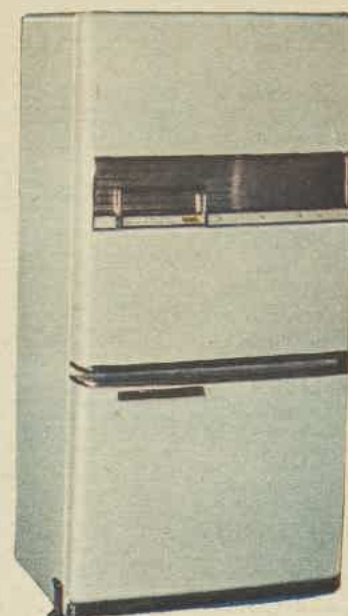
Fast and thrifty for dishes... kind to hands and clothes!

"What beautiful hands you have Mrs. Brennan!" "Well there's the reason Aunt Jenny. Right there on the kitchen sink—Velvet. Even after a huge wash-up my hands feel soft and nice, not a bit dry or rough. Velvet's a wonderful friend, Aunt Jenny!"



IT'S NEW—IT'S WONDERFUL—IT'S FROM

Adm



ALL THESE LATEST AMERICAN FEATURES

- Removable crisper on door back
- Adjustable racks on both doors
- Pedal-operated freezer door
- Single control for both compartments
- Canyon Copper fashion-front panel
- Tarnish-proof Canyon Copper fittings
- Roll-out storage basket in freezer
- All aluminium cold-plate coils
- Available in cream or white

Admiral proudly presents the **Imperial DUAL-TEMP**

2 TEMPERATURES — 2 COMPARTMENTS — IN THE ONE CABINET

Who said you can't afford a refrigerator *and* a freezer? Here they are together in the one big, beautiful cabinet—each compartment with its own separate door . . . its own individual temperature. The "Imperial DUAL-TEMP" keeps all foods at the peak of perfection *automatically*

—it defrosts itself and evaporates all the unwanted moisture, never needs your attention. See your nearest Admiral retailer soon; let him tell you about the special easy terms that will put the "Imperial DUAL-TEMP" in your home immediately.



"BRIGHT NEW LOOK" REFRIGERATORS FOR EVERY FAMILY—LARGE OR SMALL

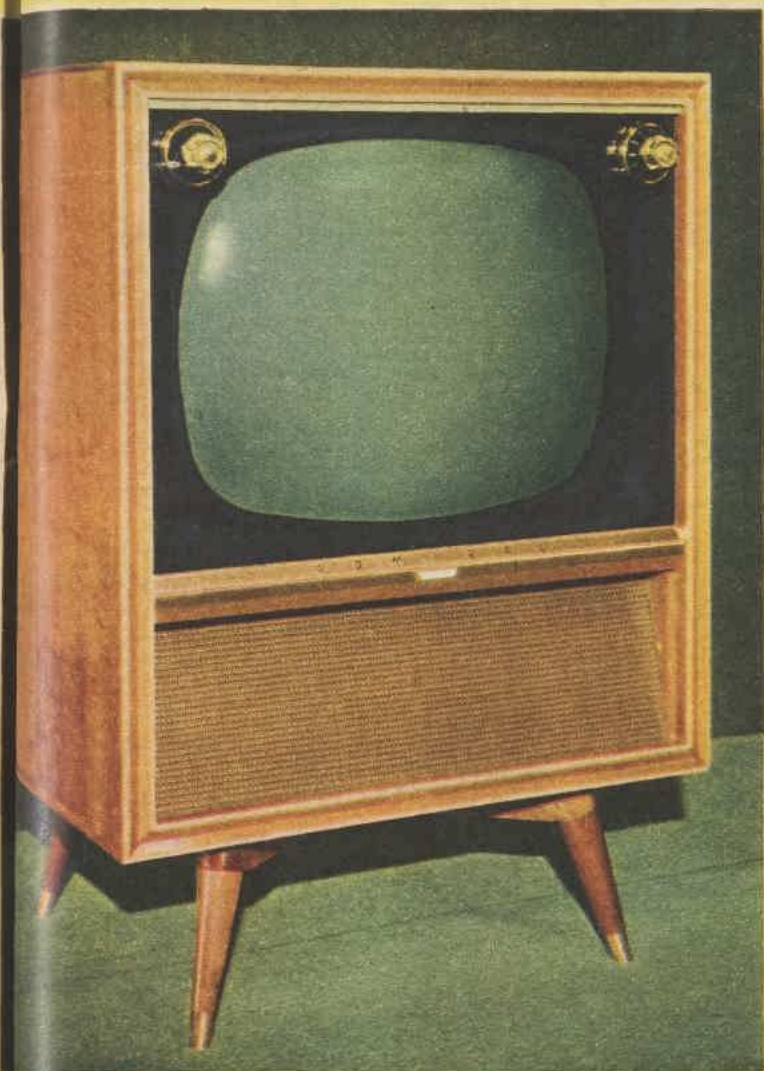
Extreme left: Standard or De-Luxe 10.7 cu. ft. for the larger family. Full-width freezer chest holds 80 lbs. of frozen food. De-Luxe model features push-button defrost and automatic water disposal. Canyon Copper trim.

Centre: Crisp-line styled 8 cu. ft. model, perfect for average-size families. Freezer chest holds 50 lbs. of frozen foods, complete top-to-bottom storage facilities, "Touch-a-Magic" handle. Canyon Copper trim.

Right: Wonderful 4½ cu. ft. model for flats, offices, or laboratories—anywhere space is at a premium. Designed for positioning on kitchen cupboards or similar base; concealed, adjustable legs to control level.

Admiral

WORLD'S LARGEST TELEVISION MANUFACTURER



24-inch "CANADA" CONSOLE, 275 GNS.

Television's biggest and best picture, exclusive to Admiral! The "Canada" gives 332 square inches of glorious, true-to-life detail right to the very edges, thanks to the special "Magic Mirror" which beams out all the detail, all the picture. Available in maple, walnut or rosewood tonings and on easy terms from your nearest Admiral retailer.

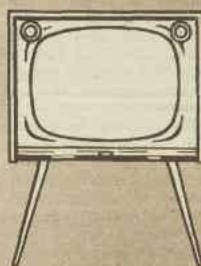
AUSTRALIA'S WIDEST RANGE OF TELEVISION RECEIVERS

From **219 Gns.**
COMPLETE

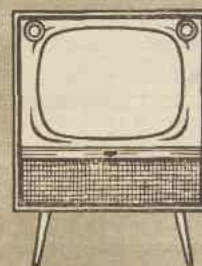
No other manufacturer gives you seven different cabinet styles in a choice of walnut, maple or rosewood tonings! No other manufacturer specialises in *giant* 21 and 24-inch pictures! And in every Admiral model you get the same great powerful chassis *plus* top-front tuning for convenience, printed circuits for maximum safety,

optic filter screen for real eye comfort, 90-degree deflection for wide-angle viewing. Every Admiral

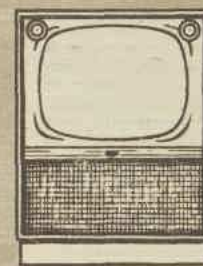
21-in. tube gives 270 sq. ins. of perfect picture; 24-in. tube gives 332 sq. ins.—the ultimate in television luxury! See your nearest Admiral retailer and arrange a home demonstration; prove Admiral outperforms them all!



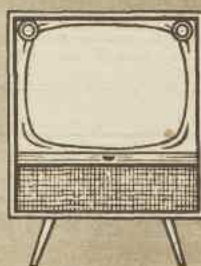
21-inch "Belvedere,"
219 Gns.



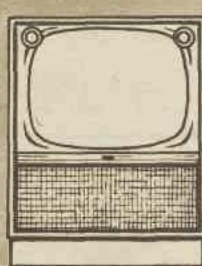
21-inch "New Yorker,"
235 Gns.



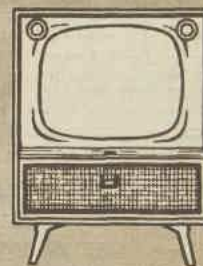
21-inch "Berkeley,"
239 Gns.



21-inch "Miami,"
245 Gns.



24-inch "Ambassador,"
269 Gns.



21-inch "Tampa" TV-R'gram,
299 Gns.

HIGH-FIDELITY FOR THE COST OF AN ORDINARY RADIOGRAM



Seven-valve push-pull type radiogram in a magnificent chairside-styled cabinet. It combines Admiral's own four-speed record unit with a rich-toned supersensitive Admiral radio. High-fidelity dual-speaker system, two infinitely variable independent bass and treble controls, ear-level inclined speaker mounting. Automatically adjusts itself for varying record sizes. In walnut, maple or rosewood tonings.



YEARS-AHEAD RADIO, TOO FROM 25 GNS.

Top left: Five-valve Mantel Model in burgundy, cream, beige, tan, primrose or grey. Features built-in Aeroscope antenna.

Top right: Five-valve Clock Model, as mantel, with an automatic electric clock, sleep switch, time set control, "heavy-sleeper" alarm.

Bottom right: De-luxe AC/Battery Portable in burgundy, beige, tan, forest green or light grey. Top-side dial.

Bottom left: Five/six-valve Battery Portable in burgundy, beige, tan, forest green, light grey. Triple-powered for long-distance reception. Detachable three-way Aeroscope antenna.

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World's Largest
TV Manufacturer

Australia's Largest
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ADM111/DPSC

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a two months' shopping spree to Paris and all over the place." Alec nodded agreeingly and took out a cigarette.

Privately, Alec admired Julia, his cousin's wife, but it didn't do to say so. Like the male spider who throws bright little bits and pieces into the web—sops to a difficult mate—Alec, conscious of his inadequacy as a provider, was always throwing Katherine choice morsels of malice to add to her own far from limited store.

Ever since he had picked up an obscure liver complaint in a Japanese prison camp, his one job had been to be cleverer than the periodical medical boards. Up to now he had been so. Apart from that really brilliant achievement, he took the dog for a run after breakfast, pulled the sun blinds up or down, put the garden chairs in or out, turned the hose on or off, and castigated the workers for their forty-hour week.

Katherine had a chronic complaint, too—one which some say also resides in the liver—but hers was not obscure. It was plain, uncomplicated envy. Envy of those with more money than herself, and that was practically all her circle; envy of women younger than herself; and first and always, envy of Julia. Their husbands were cousins, yes, but Edmund, with all the money he made in company promoting and clever investments, was hardly good for more than an occasional handout to Raymond and a case of whisky at Christmas.

"Julia takes shameful advantage of dear old Edmund, I think," she went on now.

"And yet I suppose she's fond enough of him in a sort of way, what?"

"Fond of him? She's certainly fond of a beautiful house and cars and servants and the trunks full of model frocks she's bound to have bought over there. A bit of a relief for him to have the house looked after again, I should think, instead of baching there half the time alone. Though why a man

as rich as Edmund couldn't have kept the staff on while his wife was away . . ."

The money the Wetherbys spent was for ever an affront to Katherine, the money they didn't was even more so.

With an indignant expression on her face she got up and started to clear the table.

At about this time the Wetherbys came into another conversation, a brief telephone talk.

Trevor Peel was lying asleep. Still fully dressed, he was stretched out on his back, one hand hanging down to the floor, the other lying peacefully on his breast. Outside, the bright morning overflowed with flower scents and birds and bee sounds and delicious, moist warmth. A morning to be alive in. Trevor Peel looked no less happy to be dead to it just then. As he slept his face wore an expression of untroubled calm.

Presently he stirred. He came slowly back to consciousness, lay barely a minute before he sat up. He looked at his watch, swung his legs to the floor, and gave a gaping yawn. He lighted a cigarette, stood up, stretched himself.

NOT particularly good looking or well built, not particularly distinguished in any physical attribute, Trevor Peel was possessed of a sex attraction that few women could withstand once he laid siege. He looked a good deal younger than his thirty-seven years, a fact probably due to a consciousness of his innate power over circumstances, however difficult, however threatening. There was no situation, whether to do with money or with love, the paucity of one or the plethora of the other, that he couldn't handle expertly.

He went into the kitchen, filled and plugged in the electric jug, put out cup and

saucer. Then he appeared to change his mind. He switched off the jug, and going inside again sought the telephone and dialled a number.

The ringing of the telephone bell in her hall brought Pamela Harrison quickly to her feet. In a black slip she had been sitting at her dressing-table doing up her face with the intensity that she brought to everything she did. She was an early riser, for she started work at nine. Her work was with friends, managing a small gift shop in one of those arcades which lure the passer-by so seductively and whose artificial light gives to the win-

Savages we call them because their manners differ from ours.
—Benjamin Franklin

dow displays a most tempting glitter.

Pamela was clever and energetic and could cajole customers with a charming smile and a firm hand that left them small chance of escape. She had poise and assurance. She was small, lean, and brown. The lipstick she had just so briskly applied gave her mouth a generous softness that it didn't possess.

Her tiny flat was in a busy street not far from the Cross, a street lined with buildings of flats that weren't particularly modern or well equipped, but were expensive now as was everything else in this packed cosmopolitan quarter.

After her work Pamela had plenty of energy left to raid the shops for interesting food, to cook it well, and live the evening and late hours as fully as the day-time ones. For the past year most of those hours had been spent with Trevor.

Guessing it was he now she hurried to answer the telephone.

"Darling, it's me," his voice came.

They look better, wear better and love the washtub!

**Style 102
'PARTYTOPS'**

Pretty stretch nylon with
dainty embroidered tops.
Guaranteed 6 months.

Sizes 3-5 6-8
5/11 6/6

**Style 40
'PLAYTIMERS'**

Cotton and rayon with fancy
jacquard top. Nylon reinforced
heels and toes. Green, White,
Pink, Lemon, Blue and Fawn.

Sizes 3-5 6-8 7-10
2/11 3/3 3/9

**Style 125
STRETCH COTTON**

Cotton stretch for the up
to 12 year group. Ribbed
leg and foot, plain cuff. Nylon
reinforced heels and toes.
Saxe, White, Blue, Pink,
Lemon, Grey, Fawn, Navy.

Sizes 3-6 7-10
5/9 6/6

**Style 101
STRETCH NYLON**

A strong nylon s-t-r-e-t-c-h
in a ribbed pattern, guaran-
teed for 6 months! Pink,
White, Blue, Lemon, Saxe,
Grey, Fawn, Navy.

Sizes 3-5 6-8 9-11
5/6 6/1- 6/11

HILTON SOCKS for juniors

**Style 105
STRETCH NYLON ANKLETS**

A nylon s-t-r-e-t-c-h for teen-
age and upwards. Ribbed
foot and ankle, plain cuff.
Guaranteed for 6 months!
Lemon, White, Blue, Pink,
Grey, Green, Fawn, Saxe,
Black. 8½-11.

7/11
All Sizes

**Style 78
'SCHOOL DAYS'**

An all-over ribbed style in
mercerised cotton. Nylon re-
inforced heels and toes. Pink,
White, Blue, Lemon, Grey,
Fawn, Navy.

Sizes 3-5 6-8 9-10
3/6 3/11 4/6

**Style 20
ANKLETS**

Ribbed mercerised cotton,
nylon re-inforced heels and
toes. Sizes 8½-10½. Lemon,
White, Blue, Grey, Fawn
and Navy.

4/11
All Sizes

**Style 81
MOSS STITCH
BABY SOCKS**

For the up to 3 years. Cotton
and rayon in pretty moss
stitch with plain cuff. Sizes 0-4.
Blue, White, Pink, Lemon,
and Spring.

2/9

**Style 79
'HI-HEEL'**

A new heel, nylon reinforced
specially high against shoe
rubs for the up to ten! Moss
stitch with plain cuff. Lemon,
White, Pink, Blue, Grey,
and Fawn.

Sizes 3-5 6-8 9-10
3/6 3/11 4/6

A "foot happy world" for children in socks by HILTON

When you buy Hilton socks, everyone's happy. Children 'go' for their cute good looks. Mother knows they fit, wear and wash better. And Dad likes Hilton prices . . . so reasonable—for such quality! You'll be happier than ever with this range. There are new designs, and the popular favourites. The

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coolly. "Old Edmund all wrought up, I expect?" "Naturally." "She somewhat less so, one imagines." The brown eyes narrowed at him. "What do you mean?" "Well, between you and me," he said, leaning against the wall, "I've thought for the past year there was quite a fair chance of that marriage coming unstuck." "Have you? Well, you're wrong." "It's only six years old—the marriage, I mean—and you know what they always say about the seventh year." Olive's face lightened. "May and December," he mused. "Or if not quite that, say June and October. Julia's amazingly pretty and only twenty-eight." "Mr. Wetherby is only forty-four. And he's very good-looking, and a wonderful horseman and—"

Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 34

"There's never been the slightest suggestion that Julia was interested in anyone else." "No, indeed. Not even in me. And goodness knows I've laid all the temptation I could possibly devise in her way." "Quite." She looked at his thin clever face, topped by its thatch of unruly red hair. "And as for Mr. Wetherby," she began. "Quite, also. No rival more dangerous for Julia, I'm sure, than a promising boy filly. . . . Well, my feelings are distinctly hurt at her not letting me know, but I'll do the forgiving thing and send her a few flowers to welcome her." He turned and opened the door of his office and walked briskly in. Ivan lived in two rooms at the top of a ramshackle city building, strictly reserving, he said, what little money he earned for the real luxuries—

celibacy and club life, steaks and expensive ties. The lift was midway down on the left of the lobby, the stairway just beyond, and the door of Ivan's office a couple of paces from the stairway. Olive didn't wait for the lift, but ran up the short flight to the first floor. "With brief good-mornings, she passed through the outer office where clerks and typists were already at work, and went into her own room next to Edmund's with its door between. This morning, entering, she didn't look her cool self, with a readiness for all the duties, big and little, that awaited her. As she shut the door her step seemed to lose its elasticity, and her face was grim.

In the flat across the landing from Pamela Harrison's, the Carrolls, Sam and Barbara,

were breakfasting in bed. Sam had gone out to the kitchen and brought in hot rolls and coffee, padding back with the tray in pyjamas and bare feet. A stocky little man, tubby of build, sandy in coloring. He put the tray across his wife's knees where she lay propped up in the double bed waiting to be waited on and full of appetite for the day. The room had a slightly fussy prettiness that showed Baba's strivings after a luxury which she could never quite afford. The sheets were rose pink, but not of the best quality, the curtains and covers were brocade, but thin at that. The oyster-tinted walls had cost Sam many a weary hour with paint-pot and brush.

As Sam swallowed down his last cup of coffee the telephone rang.

Eagerly, Baba shot out an arm to answer it—the outside world was a fair and always promised delights—but Sam, to frustrate one of her interminable talks, quickly leant across her and snatched up the receiver.

Cushioned on her plump white shoulder, he spoke. "Hullo? . . . Hullo, Katherine. Fine, thanks. How are you and Alec? . . . What's that? Oh, really? Oh, is she? Oh? . . . No, I didn't know. . . . That's very nice of you. Thanks, we'd love to. . . . No, we're not doing anything. . . . You're kidding, we hardly have any engagements. A couple of real stay-at-homes, that's the old girl and me. What time? Fine. Good. We'll be seeing you then. Bye bye, Katherine." He put down the receiver and lay back on the pillow. "Katherine Keller," he said.

"So I gathered." She leant up on an elbow and prodded him. "Well? Go on. When?" "Today. A drink before dinner. A few friends to welcome Julia Wetherby home."

"Oh? Julia Wetherby?" "Yes, she's arriving today." "Loaded down with all the spoils of Europe, I'll bet!" She leant up and took his round, smooth face between her hands. "And didn't my little pet sound all agog to get there? Thanks, we'd love to!"

"Break it down, darling, you know you want to go. You wouldn't miss out on a nice do for anything on earth."

She lay back. "I don't know that I wouldn't. On this occasion."

"What's different about this occasion?" Heads turned on the pillow, they looked at each other for a long moment.

"With you so pleased to be galloping off to see her," she said slowly.

"Me? You're fanciful."

"Why not you? Are you immune to pretty women?"

"I certainly am. Except to your lovely little mug, sweetheart."

"Well, you should've heard your voice cooing into the telephone."

HE lighted a cigarette and threw the match across her on to the tray. "Julia!" he mocked. "You don't think Julia would look at me, do you? A fat little guy with not a razor to his name."

"Thanks for the compliment! I looked at you."

"You didn't have a razor either, darling."

"You lout!" she squealed. "You insulting lout!" and pulled at his hair and pummelled his chest with her fists. "I know I have a thin time making do on your salary, but do you hear me complain? No. No, you don't."

"Then don't go starting a hare about me and Julia."

"Oh, well. . . . I must be getting an inferiority complex." Her tone was pensive, her eyes were on the ceiling. Gold hair haloed against the rosy pillow, neck, shoulders, and arms

gleaming like pearl, a glowing picture, a baby Rubens.

Sam lay still, too, puffing smoke. But on his face was an inward expression out of key with their gay encounter.

The plane touched down, taxied along the airstrip, and came to a halt, resting at last in a silence and stillness that were like a welcome death.

Edmund Wetherby, standing at the rail, put up a hand to his tie, to his already smooth hair, and then lifted it in greeting to his wife as she descended, one of the first of the stream of passengers.

Followed embraces, followed the Customs, followed the usual first-minute conversational nothings: How was the flight? and—how well you look—and—how's everyone?—and how and when and why. And so to the car, and driving town-

wards. Julia had married Edmund Wetherby when she was twenty-two, a rather young twenty-two for these days. An only child, the daughter of a doctor in a country town, the sophistication of city people and city ways had come late into her life, not, in fact, to any extent until she had come to Sydney to spend a summer by the sea with a school friend, Pamela Harrison.

It was then that she had met Edmund, already a mature man and forceful, and rich, and a bigger figure, generally, than the youths and young men who clustered round Pamela, and speedily round Julia, too. Edmund had been in constant attendance for those six months, had seemed to be as much attracted to one as to the other, until in the end it had become a laughing matter between the two girls as to which he meant to ask to marry him.

That one of them was booked for a proposal was never in any doubt. When it came—to Julia—she accepted like someone pleased enough to win a raffle, entered for the fun of the gamble, but who doesn't

To page 37

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Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 36

her own private little part of it that one stepped out into through the french window of the music-room. Ah, the sweetness of the early morning sun and deep shadow, the coolness under the wistaria walk, the scent of gardenias and jasmijn, the half-hot, half-cool breath coming up from the lawn, the whispered lap of the tiny harbor waves outside the wall . . .

Getting nearer to town, however, the car, she suddenly noticed, wasn't turning homewards. She said in mild surprise: "Are we going somewhere first, Edmund?"

A small frown gathered on his brow. "Eh? First? What?"

Why did he say that? He must have heard her.

"Yes. Aren't we going straight home?"

He glared angrily at a cyclist wanting a share of the road. "No . . . I thought we'd put up at the Australia for the night."

She turned full round in her seat and looked at him. "The Australia? But why? What in the world for?"

"Well . . . a house with no servants. Even Mrs. Duffy won't be there till tomorrow."

"Good heavens, Edmund, what does that matter? I suppose I know how to cook a breakfast!"

"No, no, have to break you into marriage again gradually," he said jocularly. "Can't have you messing around in the kitchen after the Ritz."

"But I really would rather—" she began.

"Nonsense."

"I do so want to go home."

"Nonsense!" he said again, much more sharply this time.

"I've taken our rooms now at the hotel. It'll be quite like a little second honeymoon. You can have a good rest this afternoon and we'll go out to a new French restaurant I've discovered for dinner. Very good. First rate. I've booked a table."

The car went relentlessly on its way—his way, not hers.

Julia said no more, but her face wore a puzzled expression. Why this? she was wondering. Edmund rarely did anything without a sound reason, sound for him at all events. No sound one had emerged for this. The absence of Mrs. Duffy, the cook, for one morning could hardly outweigh his constantly expressed dislike of hotels. Before Julia had left for her trip abroad and they had let the other maids go, she

There was another surprise for Julia in Edmund's behaviour before the day was out.

Sometime before six he drove her to the Kellers' house for the welcome home to which Katherine had invited them. At the gate he got out and opened the car door and she waited for him to lock the car and follow her. The sound of



"He ate a whole kid's birthday party!"

had suggested that they close the house and that Edmund, who was going up to his sister's place each weekend, should spend the remaining four nights at his club.

He had rejected this idea instantly. No, no, no clubs or hotels for him. Mrs. Duffy, who had been promised a long holiday with her sister at Bondi, could stretch a point and come in through the week to get his breakfast and see to what was necessary.

He had had all the difficulties smoothed out, and how eagerly Julia had looked forward to those weeks abroad! Alone, hearing music, seeing pictures, meeting people that she liked, choosing each day what she would do—or even what she would not do. The pleasures of just not having every hour mapped out for her.

the engine came to her instead. She glanced over her shoulder. He was in the driver's seat.

He said: "Make my excuses to Katherine."

She took a step back. "You're not coming in?"

"No."

"But won't Katherine think it very funny? Coming right to the door and—"

How many of her remarks were always doomed to be cut short!

Chopping off this one, he said: "No, no, she'll understand. I've been away from the office all day and I want to look in there now, sign some letters and see to one or two things."

"Oh . . ." She stood there, hardly knowing why she felt so at a loss. "I'll tell her that. Will you pick me up later?"

"No. You can get a taxi

and pick me up at the office. That'll be all right for you, won't it? And don't be late, there's a dear. I'll expect you sharp at half-past seven."

The afternoon was beginning to cool in the secluded street. A small damp breeze from the harbor was rising. From the shade of an overhanging jacaranda at the Kellers' gate she looked at him as he sat in the car, one hand on the wheel, the other flicking a lighter to his cigarette.

Her husband—a solid man—a stranger. She had a moment's regret that she couldn't feel closer to him, couldn't give him more of her real self. Since she had decreed for herself and Lindsay a complete separation, it seemed a pity that Edmund shouldn't be the richer for the sacrifice.

Without glancing at her again he put in the clutch and the car moved down the hill and sped away out of sight.

Out of sight . . . out of sight.

Arms outstretched, Katherine Keller hurried across to meet Julia as she entered the pleasant shabby drawing-room. "Julia! How nice to see you again!"

"Hullo, Katherine. It's lovely to be back." They kissed.

A dozen or so people were already there, mostly old friends. Julia raised a hand to one or two of them.

"Easy to see the trip's done you no end of good," Katherine said. "You're looking blooming."

Her eyes were going past Julia's face. "Where's Edmund?"

"Darling, he's most awfully sorry," Julia said, with the over emphasis that a poor excuse necessarily calls forth.

"He asked me to give you all sorts of messages, but he just couldn't manage to get here."

"I am sorry. Poor darling, does he never get off the chain?" Katherine was looking her best this afternoon in a dark red frock that suited her hard good looks.

and pick me up at the office. That'll be all right for you, won't it? And don't be late, there's a dear. I'll expect you sharp at half-past seven."

"No, you know he's always up to his eyes in something or other," Julia told her. "He had to go to the office to see to some business and sign some letters."

"What a shame! Perhaps he'll call for you?"

"I'm picking him up at the office at half-past seven."

Alec was at Julia's side with a cocktail shaker. "What's this? What's this?"

"Hullo, Alec. I'm making Edmund's apologies. He can't get along. Business as usual."

"Well, well, that's too bad. Anyway, it's nice to see you, Julia. You're looking smashing."

His eyes took in the elegantly simple dark sheath of a dress, the jewels in her ears. "Absolutely smashing!"

His handlebar moustache tilted at her rakishly.

Alec looked a bit on the smashing side himself, in tomato-red shirt, mustard-colored tie, green checked sports coat, and blue suede shoes.

"Old Edmund should've chucked business down the drain on your first day home," he drawled. "How any chap could be worrying about reports and directors' meetings when he could be beavering you about to a party! What—what are you going to drink, old girl?"

Julia's glass was filled, her welcome under way.

She thought how after the briefest absence you saw people anew. Pamela, like some shining little lizard-woman with her suntanned skin, her sinuous body, and the flash of her eyes. But even as they kissed and exchanged their first warm greetings her eyes flickered and opened wide by turns as they flew like restless birds back and back to Trevor Peel's face where he stood by the window talking and laughing.

You could always look for trouble in that kind of love affair. Julia thought. Trevor was well enough, was amusing, had fascination. No one could deny that. He wasn't nearly good enough for Pamela.

To page 52

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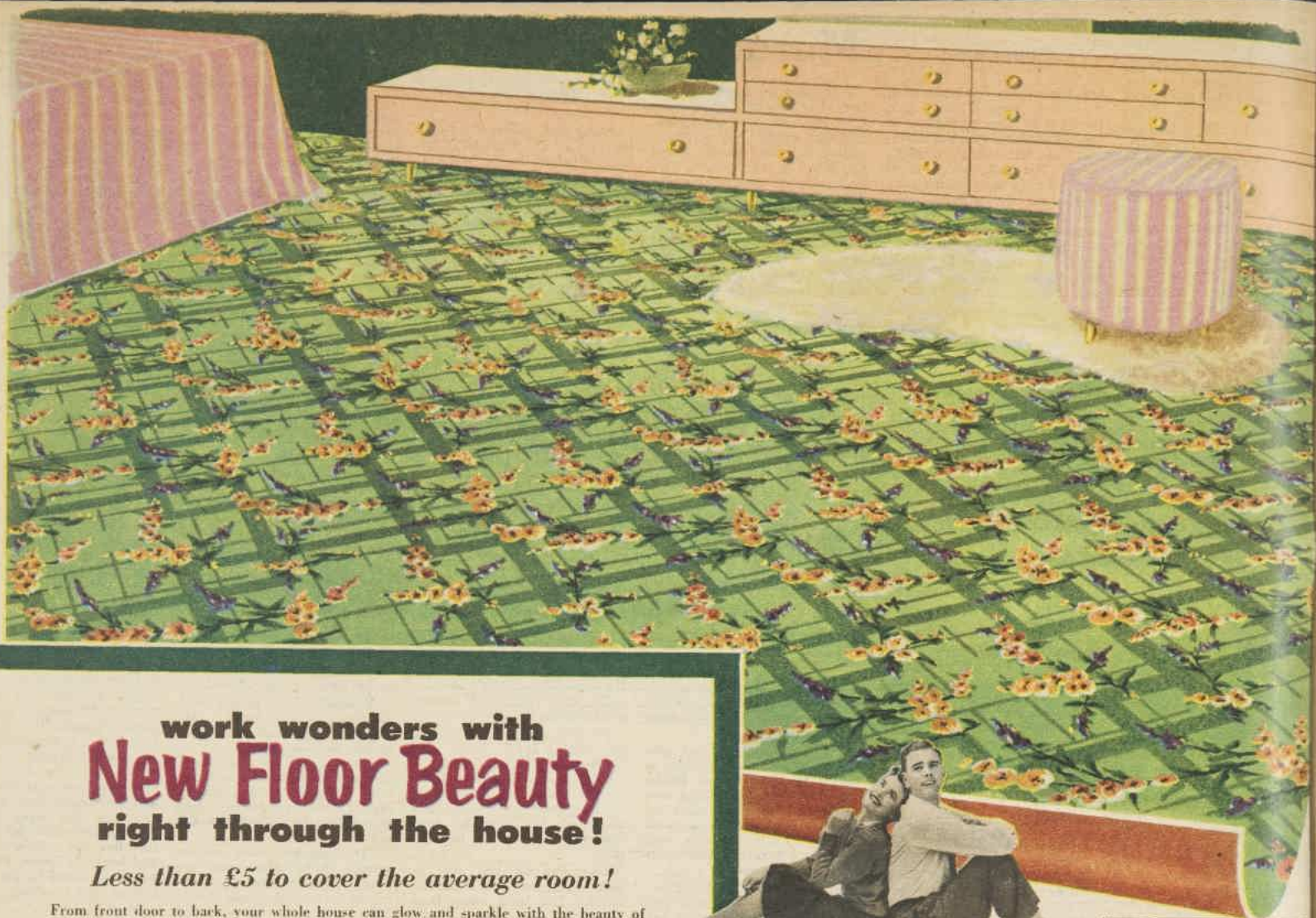
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602

Straight, sweeping lines are feature of our home plan

Our Home Plan this week, No. 602, is a contemporary design with sweeping, well-balanced lines that give it an attractive and uncluttered appearance.

READERS can buy the plan at our Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane, or can order by mail. Addresses of our Centres are in the panel below.

Home Plan No. 602 is one of our series of signature plans, and is the work of Melbourne architect Mr. F. F. Humphrys.

The design features a flat roof and a retaining wall extending across the patio. The horizontal lines of the roof and the wall are perfectly balanced with the vertical lines of the carport and window-frames.

The simple, flat patio becomes one with the garden and lawns surrounding it. It has been left free of ornamentation to preserve the clear-cut appearance that is a feature of the design.

The retaining wall protects this attractive outdoor living area from unpleasant wind and creates an air of privacy.

All the major rooms have a good front outlook, and are very sunny and bright because the front wall of the house is almost entirely of glass.

Reduces cost

These glass areas are broken up into economical sizes to reduce cost. When a large sheet of glass is required, plate-glass must be used, and this adds to the cost of the house.

A carport is attached to the house, adding an impressive width and continuity to the design.

The floor plan, shown on this page, gives a clear picture of the interior of the home. From the front entrance hall a wide doorway, that would look most attractive

with double glass doors, leads into the living-rooms. These rooms open to the front terrace to make increased entertaining space.

An open fireplace is featured on the end wall to warm both the lounge-room and the smaller section allocated for dining.

The kitchen has been given special attention because of its importance in a family home. The U-shaped layout gives the most efficient working conditions with refrigerator, sink, stove, and benches in a continuous line to cut down unnecessary walking when preparing meals.

Easy to clean

These units are connected with benches all at the same level to make cleaning very simple.

Cupboards above and below the benches provide capacious storage. The meal recess is placed under a wide window to ensure a pleasant atmosphere and outlook.

View of the working area is obscured by the island bench that also can be used as a practical buffet.

There is no annoying cross traffic in this thoughtfully planned kitchen in which there are only two doors, neither of which cuts across the working section.

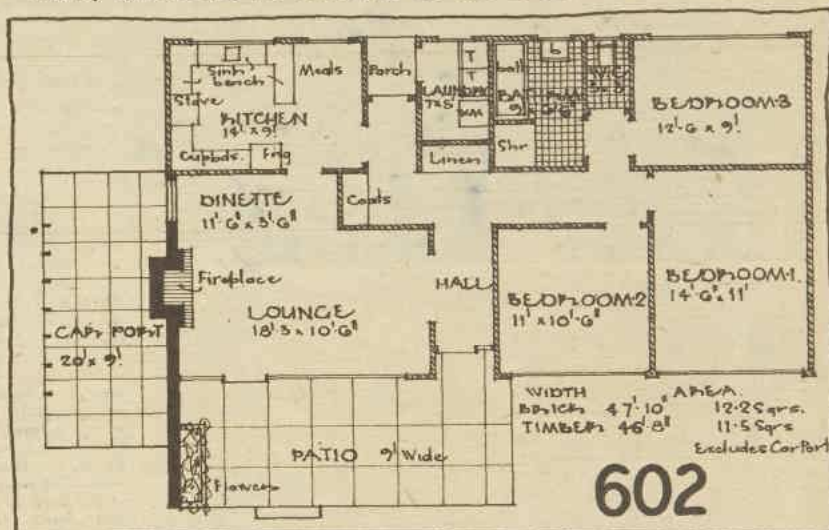
Bedrooms 1 and 2 face the front. Bedroom 3 has an excellent corner position, with a very large rear window. A side window could be added to admit more sunshine or breeze if the aspect of the land warranted it.

The position of this room makes it ideal for use as a sunroom or children's room.

The modern bathroom makes provision for a built-in shower recess, bath, and hand-basin. The toilet is a separate adjoining unit.

The entrance to these service rooms, while convenient to all three bedrooms, is concealed from view from any part of the house.

OUR HOME PLAN No. 602, shown in perspective above, is an appealing house of contemporary design, suitable for a family. The clear-cut, sweeping lines of the design are accentuated by the retaining wall that shelters the patio from wind. The lines of wall and roof are balanced by the lines of carport and window-frames.



602

FLOOR PLAN OF THE HOME shows its well-planned interior layout. There are three bedrooms, one of which is situated on the rear corner of the house and could be used as a sunroom, if preferred. It has a large rear window, and a side window could be added. The modern, labor-saving kitchen is in U-shape.

The laundry is under the main roof opening to a rear porch. All the plumbing is on the one rear wall, tending to keep costs down. Coat and linen cupboards are neatly fitted into recessed wall sections.

This charming home not only provides convenient and comfortable living conditions for an average family but is practical and economical to

build and has a smart, modern appearance.

Areas are: In timber, 11.5 squares; in brick, 12.2 squares. Approximate costs of building the house would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £5200; timber, £3850; fibro, £3600.

In Victoria: Brick veneer, £4200; timber, £3500.

In South Australia: Brick, £3700; fibro, £3300.

In Queensland: Timber, £3500.

People who propose to build the home themselves will find a material quantities list invaluable. The list contains all the materials and the quantities needed to build the home.

Experts at our Home Planning Centres will prepare the list before building commences. The fee for the list on any standard plan is £3/3/-, and for an individually prepared plan, £6/6/-.

Another service given by experts at our Centres is advice on all prime cost items to assist intending home-builders to make the wisest selection of hot-water system, refrigerator, sink, stove, bath, wash-basin, and all the essential appliances of the modern home.

The home-builder will be safeguarded from buying a

unit that will not fit into the allotted space, fail to do the job required of it, or cost more than he had planned.

All these problems require experience and expert knowledge to solve to the best advantage. This guidance is given without charge at our Centres.

Clients can consult our Centres on landscape gardening and the general planning of the beautification of the block of land that is so important to the appearance of the home.

Choosing colors

Color schemes for both inside and outside the home can also be discussed with skilled consultants.

Some of the home plans we have already published have been grouped together into attractive leaflets that are now available at our Home Planning Centres. They are "40 Home Plans," price 3/-, and "21 Home Plans," price 2/6. Please add 4d. postage when ordering by mail.

Both leaflets are available in Victoria and South Australia. In New South Wales and Queensland "21 Home Plans" only is on sale.

The leaflets illustrate a wide variety of contemporary homes.

OUR HOME PLANNING CENTRES

OUR Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with the leading stores named in the addresses below, offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

• All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

• Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock.

All standard plans cost £7/7/- each and are available in six variations, including mirror reversed.

• Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Readers can call at our Centres to obtain plans or any advice on home-

building. Plans can also be ordered by mail, enclosing fee.

Addresses of our Home Planning Centres are:

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (Third Floor), Brickfield Hill.

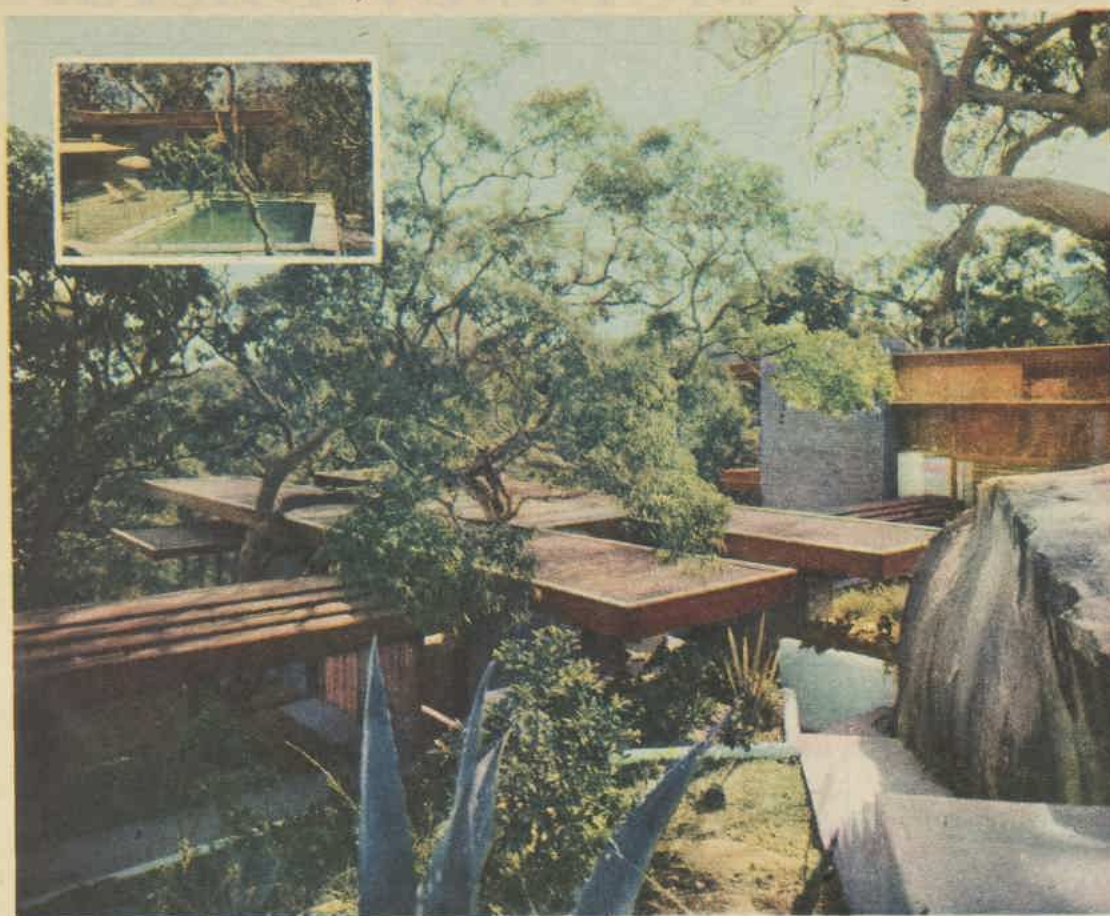
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (Sixth Floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

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HOME IN HARMONY WITH ITS BUSHLAND SETTING



THE lovely home shown here was designed by its architect-owner, Mr. Peter Muller, of Palm Beach, N.S.W. A long house on different levels, it was built to combine indoor comfort with its natural bushland setting so that the home itself and its outdoor surroundings are in complete harmony.

Built of timber and brick, the house has enormous areas of glass designed to give lovely views over Pittwater. Most of these glass walls have been placed carefully to ensure complete privacy from the road.

The interiors throughout are simple, depending on good design for effect. Very little paint has been used inside, and the main color and texture interest comes from the furnishings and natural colors of the building materials.

Outside is a natural bush garden, scarcely touched except to make it even more like the bush or to add one or two plants with bright foliage to catch the sun.



THE VIEW looking from the living-room down into the sunken dining-room is shown above. Bookshelves act as room-dividers in this section and lead the eye down to the attractive flower-box below.

ABOVE: From the road the entry runs down the side of a natural rock face to the front door. The roof structure has been worked out carefully to tie in with the lovely gumtree growing outside the house. Inset: The swimming-pool terrace at the back of the house was built from the natural rock on the site.



RIGHT: The office where Mr. Muller works is separated from the main house by a long, covered walk. Carefully planned, it has sleeping accommodation for two assistants and can be divided by curtaining. The warm colors inside combine with the colors of the bushland setting to make a beautiful room.



MAIN BEDROOM (right) is not a big room, but it seems spacious. Concealed lighting over the dressing-table adds a soft touch. The centre door leads to a black bathroom with one white accent.



LIVING-ROOM (above), looking from the fireplace end towards the entry, is a very simple and restful room. The ceiling is formed by a twin-stepped room separated by a central glass skylight that lets in the sun during the day and the floodlight from the tree at night. An awkward branch of the magnificent gumtree outside has been left untouched by the architect and becomes an attractive part of the room. Note how the color in the room comes from the doors and furnishings rather than from paint.

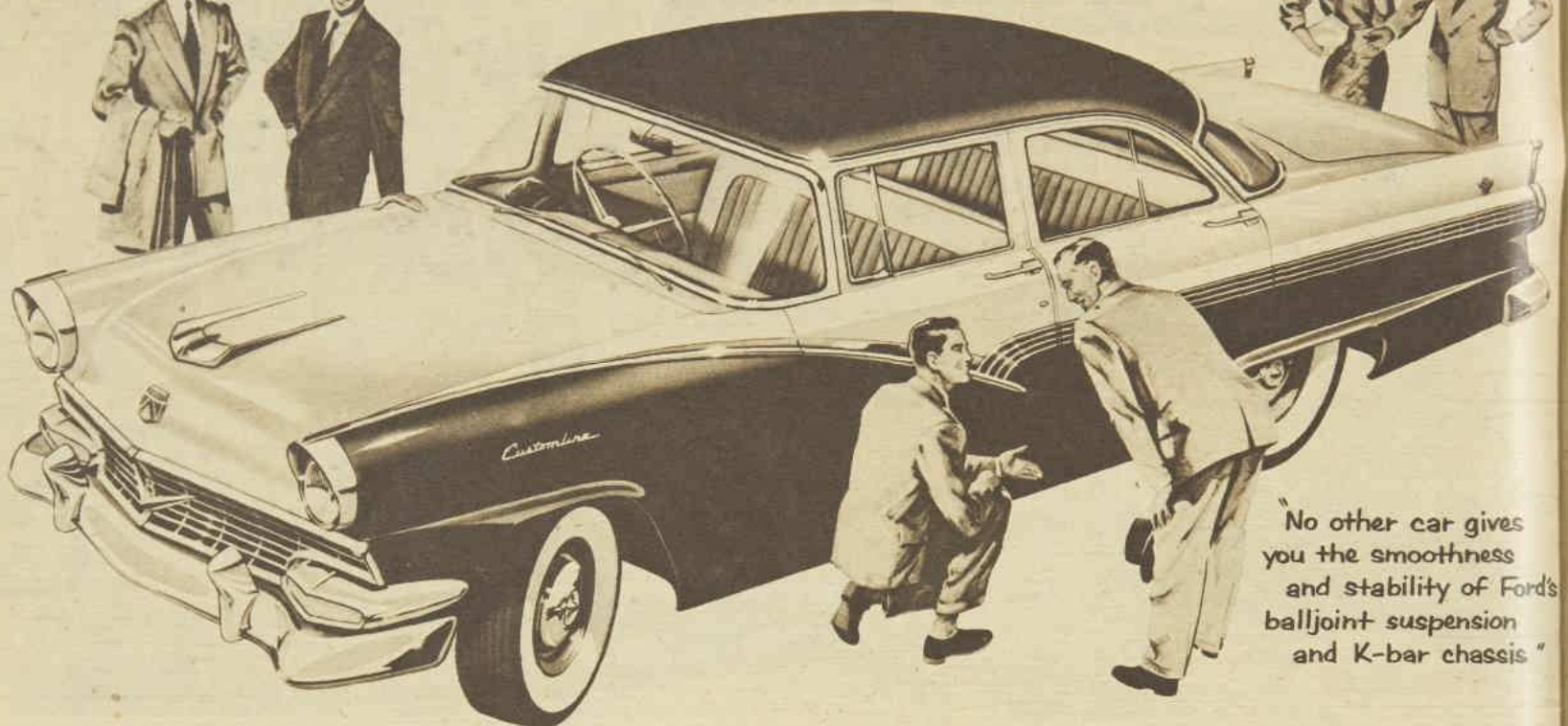
A DIFFERENT VIEW (below) of the same room shows the sunken fireplace. The fireplace itself is natural, untouched rock, the only addition being the cone for drawing off the smoke. Comfortable seats are built in round the fireplace and there is a deep planter behind them. The swimming-pool (shown as an inset at top left of the opposite page) is just outside and the sunlight reflects from the pool's surface on to the ceilings of the house. Pictures are by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



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It's out — and on display now! And until you slip behind the wheel and sample the "go" and "feel" of this newest Customline for *yourself*, the best thrills in motoring are ahead of you. Because, firstly, among *all* cars on the road, Ford V8 and *only* Ford V8 gives you the "big, better difference" in motoring, which is a combination of overhead valve V8 power, ball-joint suspension, and husky K-bar chassis.

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New "Boulevard-Ride" suspension! Customline presents an entirely smoother suspension that combines front coil springs, rear springs and shock absorbers and a stabilizer bar. It gives you an excitingly level ride, literally *flows* over irregularities.

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FORD V8 CUSTOMLINE

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

DECORATIVE LILAC CAKE

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

● The decoration of cakes is a skill at which many housewives excel. To them copying a pretty and delicate cake design is a challenge not to be refused.

ON this page we feature a beautiful lilac cake and give directions for decorating it.

The pictures below show some of the steps in piping and attaching the lilac flowers and leaves and making the lattice. (Icing recipes overleaf.)

The decorations are all made of royal icing. First separate the icing into several small basins, and color each basinful a different tone with food colorings. Use violet and pink for flowers, mauve for lattice and shell edging, and green for leaves. Cover with a damp cloth until ready to use.

To Pipe Lilac Flowers. Use a small curved petal icing tube and pipe the flowers on to waxed paper. Hold the icing bag in hand on slight angle, the point of tube touching paper. Pipe a small curved petal by moving hand up and curving out and down. A

group of petals are then piped underneath each other to form a cluster. Use various colors in single or two-toned effects, and allow to dry thoroughly before removing from paper. A varying effect can be given to a spray by placing papers, on which clusters have been piped, over a curved edge (such as a rolling-pin) to dry. Use these curved flowers with straight flowers on cake.

Lattice Mould: Use mauve royal icing to pipe lattice lines on a greased mould, such as an upturned patty-pan. Then pipe a shell pattern round the base. When dry, handle carefully because lattice work is extremely fragile.

To Decorate Cake: Neaten base of cake by piping a shell edging, using a large star rose or shell tube. The thickness of edging depends on size of cake and board. Attach lattice mould, flowers, etc., to cake in desired design.

(Continued overleaf)



PIPING (left). Evenly shaped petals are easier to pipe if forefinger of free hand is used to steady tube while squeezing bag. This also applies to piping of lattice lines.

⑥

LATTICE MOULD (right, above). Pipe lattice lines across greased mould, finish with a neat shell edging. Various shaped plastic moulds can be used in place of the upturned patty-tin shown.

⑥

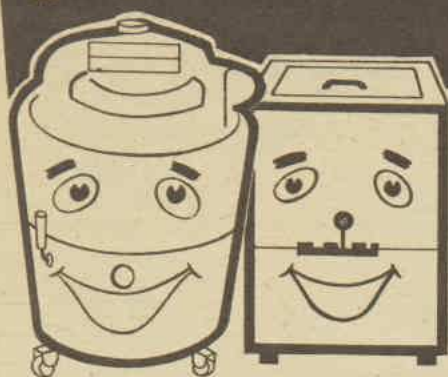
RELEASING the lattice mould (right, below). To remove dried lattice work, heat underneath of mould, turn over, tap gently on to palm of hand. If using greased plastic moulds, fill with hot water to release the lattice-work shape.

⑥

ASSEMBLING CAKE (left). Attach flowers to cake by piping small portion of icing on to backs. Leaves fall more gracefully if piped straight on to cake when arranging the pattern.



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says Mary Rawlins.

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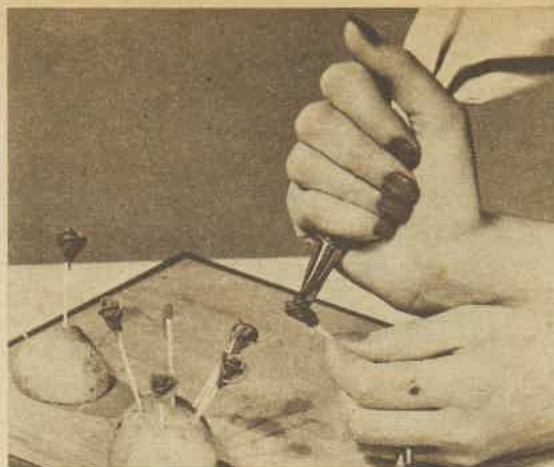


Agents: F. G. Hyett & Co., 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.
John A. Keayon, Pty. Ltd., 65 York Street, Sydney.

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START AND FINISH each petal on cocktail-stick to obtain an evenly curved and spaced rose. Two-tone effects can be used by piping centre bud and one petal in a darker shade than the outside section.



CUT OUT wedge-shaped pieces from cardboard square and use these to pull through the roses to complete drying. Remove finished rose from cocktail-stick soon after piping to prevent petal edges cracking.

Continued from previous page

Making cake decorations

● On this page we give basic icing recipes and instructions for making roses, poinsettias, and leaves. For variety, either of these flowers could be used in place of the lilac shown on the previous page.

WITH these pictures as a guide, amateur decorators should, with practice, be able to achieve successful results.

ROYAL ICING

One egg-white, 6 to 8oz. pure icing sugar, 2 drops acetic acid or $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon lemon juice.

Beat egg-white slightly with a wooden spoon and add sifted icing sugar gradually, beating well between spoonfuls. Add sufficient icing sugar to desired thickness (mixture should stand up in peaks when spoon is drawn out). Add acetic acid or lemon juice, mix in well and cover basin with a damp cloth until ready for use.

The secret of a smooth, pliable royal icing is the slow addition of icing sugar with constant, vigorous beating. Although electric beaters can be used on their lowest speed, this method is not considered the best, because too much air is incorporated in the icing.

This causes the mixture, while standing, to subside and become too soft for most types of piping. The consistency of royal icing varies from a soft peak for latticing, writing, scrolls, etc., and a medium peak for shell work and leaves to a stiff peak for petals of flowers.

FONDANT PASTE

Two pounds icing sugar, 2 egg-whites, 1 teaspoon glycerine, 1oz. solid-type white shortening, 4oz. glucose.

Sift icing sugar into a basin, reserving $\frac{1}{2}$ cup. Make a well in centre, add egg-whites, cover lightly with icing sugar, pour in melted glucose, glycerine, and melted shortening. Mix to a dough and turn on to board dusted with sifted icing sugar. Knead in sufficient icing sugar to required consistency (similar to soft, shortcrust pas-

try) and roll out to size and shape required. Keep well covered if not ready to use immediately, because a surface forms a dry coating quickly. For colored fondant, add dabs of required color while kneading.

Here are the directions for covering cakes with icing and making the decorations illustrated:

To Cover Cake: The fondant-paste recipe above gives sufficient quantity to cover a 9in. to 10in. round or square cake. Half quantity of the mixture is needed for a 7in. to 8in. cake, double quantity for a 12in. cake. Allow extra quantity fondant for a deep cake or if cake has no under covering such as almond or coconut paste.

Trim cake if necessary and glaze with egg-white or thin, sieved apricot jam.

Measure depth and breadth of cake and roll out fondant to size and shape required. Lift paste carefully over cake, using a rolling-pin across the centre. Smooth top and then sides of cake with hands which have been dusted with cornflour, being careful to ease out any pleats or wrinkles. Polish surface by lightly rubbing with cornflour-covered hands. Trim base of cake with a sharp knife and set aside 24 hours before decorating.

Leaves: As the range of leaf-shaped tubes is rather limited, to give variety a greaseproof bag cut to a special shape can be used. After cutting and shaping the cone, cut pointed end to a V-shape as large as required. Put small quantity of royal icing in bag. Hold the point of bag or tube almost on to paper or cake and squeeze until icing "fans" out to size required. Gradually draw bag away, at the same time slowly releasing the hand pressure, then, as icing pulls off to a point, lift



SMALL RIDGES across the leaves are made by moving the hand quickly back and forth while piping the leaf on to waxed paper. A metal tube was used for the piping of the small shaped leaves.



WHEN PIPING poinsettia flowers, hold the bag and tube more upright to obtain thin flat petals. Shasta daisies are made by the same method, using white icing and making more petals.

hand away. As hand is pulling away, twist slightly to right or left, thus giving a more realistic appearance to the work than it would be if the leaves were all straight.

Poinsettias: To obtain the deep red color of poinsettia flowers, add a liberal quantity of scarlet food coloring to royal icing with a drop of brown and black coloring. Deep red darkens with standing and drying, so to obtain correct color commence piping with a lighter shade. Hold bag and petal-tube directly upright so opening of tube is almost touching waxed paper along its full length. Squeeze icing-bag and move tube straight up paper to required length of petal. Bring tube back down over piped petal, waving slightly to one side. Release pressure on bag and lift tube away. Turn paper around and continue piping required number of petals until flower is complete.

When dry, pipe 5 or 6 small dots in centre with bright yellow icing and a writing-tube.

Roses: Hold a cocktail-stick between thumb and first finger of left hand and, using a petal-tube on bag, place edge of tube near top of cocktail-stick so icing pipes around the wood. When icing is overlapping, draw hand back down cocktail-stick and finish off. This forms the bud section. To pipe first petal, commence piping just behind finish of bud section and pipe in an arc, turning cocktail-stick so icing comes to half-way around bud. Release pressure on bag and draw hand down on to stick to finish off. Each petal is then piped in same way—starting slightly behind previous one and forming a wider arc as they become larger. The usual number of petals for a full rose is 4 or 5, but when forming a spray for a cake various sizes, including some buds, are easier to arrange.

TESTED RECIPES FOR YOUR FILE

ON this page and overleaf are four kitchen-tested recipes to add to your index file. The two recipes below are arranged back to back with the two overleaf. Cut them along the dotted lines and you will have the recipe on one side and a helpful illustration of the dish on the other.

APRICOT CREAM

• Two dessertspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup cream or thoroughly chilled evaporated milk, 1 large tin apricot halves.

Soften gelatine in water 5 minutes, combine egg-yolks, salt, and 2 tablespoons of the sugar in top of double saucepan, stir in milk. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until mixture coats a silver spoon. Remove from heat, add softened gelatine and vanilla, stir until dissolved. Allow to cool; add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mashed apricots. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add remaining sugar. Fold into slightly thickened gelatine mixture, then whipped cream. Fill into greased or wetted mould, chill until firm. Unmould on to serving-dish, decorate with remaining apricot halves. Serves six.

WHITING ROLLETES



HEARTY HAMBURGERS

• One and a half pounds chuck steak (minced twice), 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped onion, 6 hamburger buns, salad garnishings.

Mix meat, salt, pepper, and onion well together. Shape into six round cakes approximately 1 in. thick. Heat a heavy frying-pan or griddle-iron, grease thickly with fat. Place meat patties in pan, brown quickly on one side, turn; brown other side. Reduce heat, cook steadily 5 or 6 minutes longer on each side. Place a meat patty on each split bun, top with any of the following accompaniments:

Sliced dill pickles or gherkins; fruit chutney; tomato sauce; sliced processed cheese; sliced tomato and beet-root; sliced pickled onion or shallot.

Serve immediately, garnished with fresh salad pieces. Sufficient for six hamburgers.

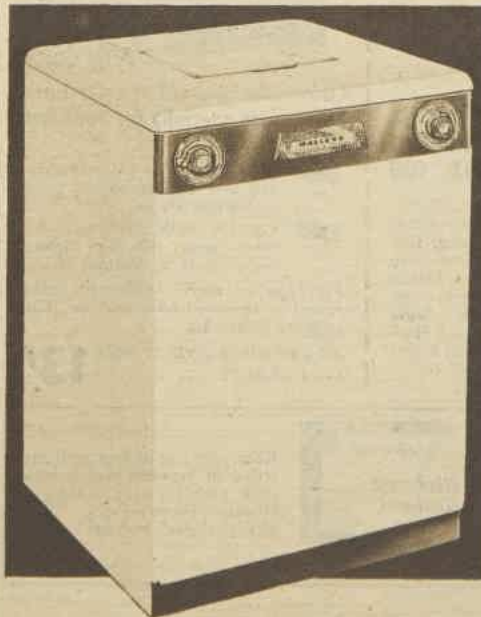
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Husbands! Check these construction details:

Frame is of 14-gauge steel (the same steel used in today's most modern cars) rustproofed for life • non-rusting aluminised aluminium, finest material for the job, makes the basket and tank • bearings are of sintered bronze, to show less wear than any other type in any other washing machine • a powerful pump gets rid of washing and rinsing water in seconds • built-in heating element can never burn out • whole transmission operates through an overdrive, permanently sealed in oil • there are no clutches or gear boxes to wear out or create service problems.

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More recipes to add to your new file

BELOW are two more recipes for your file. Readers can order a ready-made file, measuring 8½ by 6½ inches, from our branch offices. See addresses on top of page 2. (Tasmanian readers should write to our Sydney office.) Price of the file is 10/-. Postage, 2/- extra.



APRICOT
CREAM

WHITING ROLLETTES

- Six fillets whiting, ¼ cup rice, ¼ cup cooked spinach, 1 small onion finely minced, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 lemon, parsley and lemon wedges for garnishing.

Wash rice well and cook in plenty of boiling salted water until soft, rinse, and drain. Combine with finely chopped spinach and onion, season to taste with salt, pepper, curry powder, and a little lemon juice. Spread on to fish fillets, which have been sprinkled with salt and lemon juice. Roll up carefully and secure with cotton or a cocktail stick. Stand in a greased ovenware dish with a little water, cover, and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve garnished with parsley in six small portions as an entree.



HEARTY
HAMBURGERS

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT CREAMS

- Biscuits: Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. plain flour, ¼ cup cornflour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients, mix to firm dough. Turn on to floured board, roll out thinly, and cut with round cutter. Bake on greased trays in moderate oven 15 minutes. Cool on tray.

Filling: Gradually beat 4 tablespoons icing sugar into 1 tablespoon softened butter until soft and smooth. Add peppermint essence to taste, sandwich biscuits together with a small quantity.

Icing: Mix 6 tablespoons icing sugar and 1 tablespoon cocoa with sufficient milk to form smooth paste. Warm slightly, coat tops of biscuits, sprinkle with grated chocolate or chocolate nonpareils, and allow to set.

Delicious fish recipe wins our £5 prize

This week's main prize of £5 is won by a New South Wales reader for a recipe that combines the flavors of tuna, mushrooms, and cheese.

TWO consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded to readers for their entries. Both are simple to make, but are slightly different from the routine pudding.

Although inexpensive, these recipes are sufficiently decorative to serve on special occasions. All spoon measurements are level.

TUNA BISCUIT CASSEROLE

Fish Mixture: Two ounces tuna, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 small onion, 4oz. mushrooms, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 2-3rd cup evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon

lemon juice, 2 tablespoons chopped green olives, 1 tin flaked tuna.

Biscuit Mixture: Two cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1/2 cup grated cheese, 1/2 cup buttermilk or sour milk, egg-glazing.

Prepare fish mixture. Melt butter, add celery, sliced onion, and chopped mushrooms, saute until soft and lightly browned. Add flour, salt, and pepper, stir until well mixed. Add sufficient water to the evaporated milk to make 3 cups liquid, stir into mushroom mixture. Stir constantly over heat until sauce boils and thickens, cook further 3 minutes. Fold in olives, tuna, and lemon juice. Fill into greased ovenware

dish. Prepare biscuit topping. Sift flour, salt, and baking powder, rub in shortening, add cheese. Add milk, mix to a firm dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out to 1/4 in. thickness. Cut into rounds with pastry-cutter or into fish shapes as illustrated. Place on top of fish, brush with egg-glazing, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve garnished with stuffed olives and parsley.

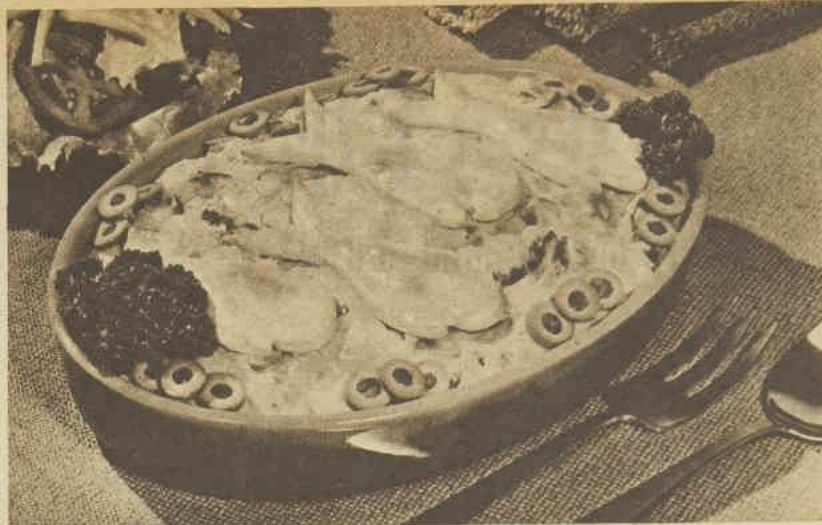
First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Sheridan, Kalang, via Bellington, N.S.W.

STRAWBERRY-RICE SHAPES

Two tablespoons rice, 3 tablespoons water, pinch salt, 1/2 pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, piece lemon rind, pinch cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 1/2 cups crushed strawberries (or similar berry fruits), whole strawberries.

Wash rice thoroughly, place in saucepan with water and salt, cook over low heat until water is absorbed. Add milk, sugar, cinnamon, and lemon rind, continue cooking until rice is soft and creamy. Remove lemon rind, add vanilla and strawberries. Press rice into small moulds previously rinsed with cold water. Unmould on to serving-platter. Decorate with strawberries, serve with chocolate sauce.

Chocolate Sauce: Beat 1 egg, add 1/2 pint milk, 2 to 3 table-



FISH SHAPES cut from cheese-flavored pastry decorate the top of the tuna biscuit casserole illustrated above. See recipe this page.

spoons sugar and 3oz. finely grated chocolate. Stir in top half of double saucepan until sauce thickens slightly.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Foley, Wynnum Road, Murarrie, Brisbane.

CANDY-CAKE SQUARES

Two cups sugar, 1 1/2 cups water, 2oz. gelatine, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup biscuit crumbs, 1/2 cup chopped nuts, 1/2 cup chocolate pieces.

Place sugar and 1 cup of the water in a saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Boil until syrup spins a thread when a little is dropped into cold water (250deg. F.). Remove from heat, stir in gelatine which has been softened in remaining water. Cool, add salt and vanilla; beat until thick and white. Fold in 1/2 cup biscuit crumbs and nuts. Stir in melted chocolate pieces until mixture has a marbled

Practical layette

YOUNG mothers-to-be are often worried by the problem of choosing the right clothes—clothes that are pretty and practical—for their baby's layette.

All too often a layette is overstocked with frilly clothes that the baby outgrows in a few months.

Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft nurse, has designed a 12-piece layette that is dainty as well as practical. All the garments are easy to make and have sensible tucks and pleats on the shoulders so that they can be let out as the baby grows.

Included in the layette are patterns for two dresses, two nightgowns, a carrying-coat, a matinee jacket, a petticoat, cotton shirt, two pairs of pilchers, a bonnet, and a pair of rompers.

Full cutting and sewing directions come with the patterns, which cost 3/6.

Order from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please print names and addresses clearly.

effect. Sprinkle half the remaining crumbs over base of greased 8 in. square cake-tin, pour in mixture, sprinkle with balance of crumbs. Chill; cut into squares before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Kennedy, 112 Sackville Street, Greenslopes, Brisbane.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish uses inexpensive hogget or mutton chops. It is tasty and satisfying, costs 7/9, and serves five or six.

SAVORY CHOPS RAGOUT

Six hogget or mutton chump or neck chops, 2 sheep's kidneys, 2 onions, salt, pepper, 2 cups stock or water, gravy thickening, 2 carrots, 2 large cooked potatoes, 2 rashers fatty bacon, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Place chops, chopped kidneys, chopped onions, stock or water, sliced carrots, and salt and pepper in pressure-cooker or large saucepan. Pressure-cook 15 to 20 minutes or simmer 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 hours until chops are tender. Thicken gravy with gravy-powder or flour, simmer 3 minutes. Pour into heated casserole-dish. Top with sliced skinned potatoes, then chopped bacon and butter. Lightly brown under grill, and serve piping hot.

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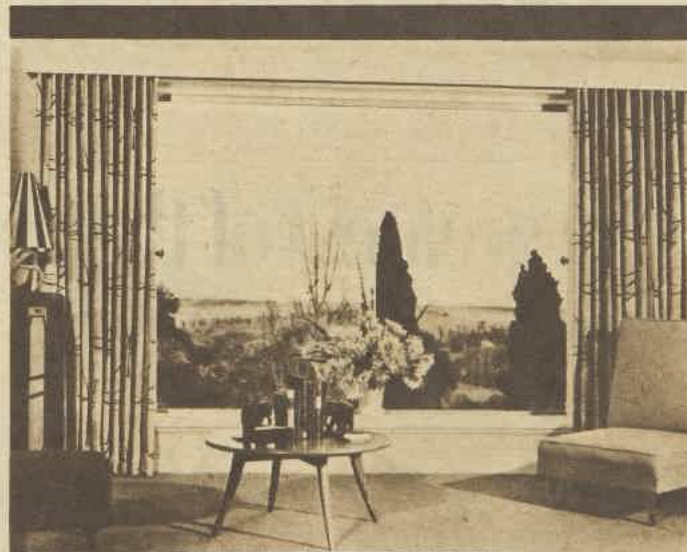
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Page 48



HELIOOPSIS SPARCIFOLIA (New Zealand daisies) in the driveway of Mr. A. P. Kramer's home at Pymble, N.S.W. They were grown from cuttings given him by his neighbor, Mr. W. Kelly, who has them flourishing as a footpath garden.

GOOD-NEIGHBOR POLICY

• Some of the best and most cherished plants in any one's garden are the "frees"—those which were given by friends or passed over the fence as a neighborly swap.

MOST gardeners enjoy giving the surplus of their treasures and those perennials, shrubs, seeds, and bulbs or rhizomes which increase easily make appreciated gifts.

Some even grow special plants such as *Saxifraga sarmentosa*, sedums, stokesia, ruellia, nicotiana, nepeta, mesembryanthemums, hydrangeas, hebe, gentians, and gazanias in order to supply church fairs and charity flower shows.

Nifty little pot-plants, for instance, African violets (saint-paulias), peperomias, philodendrons, gesneras, achimenes, primulas of many kinds, tuberous-rooted begonias, gloxinias, and cyclamens are generous propagators.

Rooted leaves of those that can be raised in that way, or roots or corms, are always welcome.

But the wise gardener reserves special treasures like orchid back bulbs, peony roots, and double hybrid fuchsia cuttings for those who know a good thing when they see it.

Climbing plants—bignonias, wistarias, golden chalice vines, thunbergias, honeysuckles, akebias, bougainvilleas, clematis, jasmines—or clumpy ones—Oriental poppies, rudbeckias, chrysanthemums, anemones, michaelmas daisies, delphiniums, perennial lupins—are a few gems that may be struck from cuttings or divisions taken at this time.

The fibrous-rooted and bamboo begonias are popular for filling shady nooks or potting up for the bushhouse.

They are raised easily from root cuttings or pieces cut from mature stems. Cuttings, however, should be cut just below a node. Strike them in moist sand.

Also good for a shady spot is the Oriental poppy (*Papaver orientale*), a large, bushy, hairy-leaved perennial, blooming from October to early December.

Plants can be raised from seed or divisions now or in autumn, and grow to about 2 ft. tall. They are obtainable in yellow-orange, red with a black centre, and in snow-white.

Paeonies, often misnamed paeony-roses owing to their resemblance to a large double rose, are suitable only to cool climates.

They dislike disturbance, and any moving or dividing should be done in May or June.

They do best in rich, moist, loamy soil and partial shade, and, being cranky re-

garding cultivation round their roots, are best given a bed to themselves.

For shady positions, perennials like Japanese anemones, alstroemerias, achilleas, astilbe davidi, bletia hyacinthina, dicentra (bleeding heart), cranthis (winter aconite), hosta, and myosotidium (Chatham Island forget-me-not) are a few that could be lifted and given away now where surpluses exist.

For very sunny positions, cuttings of inula, which bear yellow blooms of quaint shape, pyrethrums, chrysanthemums of all kinds, romneya (Californian tree poppy), perennial salvias, verbascums, carnations, and cannas make a brilliant show, and all of them can be divided or cuttings raised.

Rose prunings strike easily, and so do straight branches of oleanders, poinsettias, hydrangeas, crepe myrtles, holmskioldia, habrothamnus, sambucus aurea, plumbago, phil-

GARDENING

delphus, and rosemary. Put them now in any moist, sandy medium, with a view to "passing them on" later.

Stout cuttings of *Montanoa grandiflora* can be struck after the winter flowering is over.

This tree-daisy, as it is called, deserves a place in every garden, and, like the tree dahlia (*dahlia imperialis*), grows easily from cuttings with several joints.

Cut to a joint and bury the lowest, and they soon strike.

Climbing plants like akebia, antigonon, bauhinia, scandens, aristolochia, bignonia, clematis, honeysuckles, stephanotis, and thunbergias often set seeds and self-sow. The little plantlets that arise from them, if wanted by the gardener, will delight friends.

Other colorful plants that can be divided or raised from cuttings and are ideal as gifts or swaps are geraniums, pelargoniums, pentstemons, monardas, kniphofias, fuchsias, weigelas, heleniums, heliopsis, hemerocallis (day lilies), tall perennial phlox, rudbeckias. Many useful decorative plants may be changed by gardeners at various times of the year quite apart from those that are raised from divisions, cuttings, or layers.

These include bulbs, corms, tubers, pipes and rhizomes, or thick, fleshy root-stocks.

Bulbs include all those, now underground, that flower in spring, such as daffodils, hyacinths, tulips, ranunculi, lachenalias.

Some of the others that may still be set out in the open are bearded irises, day lilies, Solomon's Seal, callas, and gladioli.

FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER

BOGARDE AT HOME

● When busy British actor Dirk Bogarde asks his friends to drop down to his place in the country, those who have been there before know that they are going to one bachelor establishment where there won't be tin-openers and old army blankets.

The gracious white Queen Anne home of 37-year-old bachelor Bogarde is one of the best-run and most exquisitely appointed in the picturesque Buckinghamshire village of Little Chalfont.

A husband-and-wife staff of two look after him.



MORNING COFFEE is served to Dirk at his desk when he goes there to start the day by dealing with his mail. Bogarde is now making "A Tale of Two Cities" for Rank.



ABOVE. A colorful collection of old military prints that he has acquired over the years decorate the walls of Dirk's bedroom. The beautifully preserved patchwork quilt on the Regency bed is well over 150 years old.

RIGHT. Dirk, whose hospitality and table are famous among his friends, pays a friendly morning visit to his Austrian cook Agnes and her husband, Hans, to discuss household matters. "Miss," his Siamese cat, goes, too.



CORGIS Bogey and Sinuhe accompany Dirk when he strolls over to chat with his market-gardener neighbor, Mrs. Hanco. He plans to start a market garden himself.



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6/11

AT YOUR CHEMIST
OR STORE

Cornel Wilde as Omar

★ A flamboyant, intrigue-ridden 11th-century Persia is brought to the screen by Paramount in the technicolor VistaVision film of "The Loves of Omar Khayyam."

★ Cornel Wilde plays the role of the poet-astronomer, with Debra Paget, Raymond Massey, and John Derek starring. Peruvian soprano Yma Sumac sings three songs.



1 NEWLY APPOINTED counsellor to the court of the Shah of Persia, Omar unknowingly welcomes a heavily curtained palanquin as it approaches the palace.



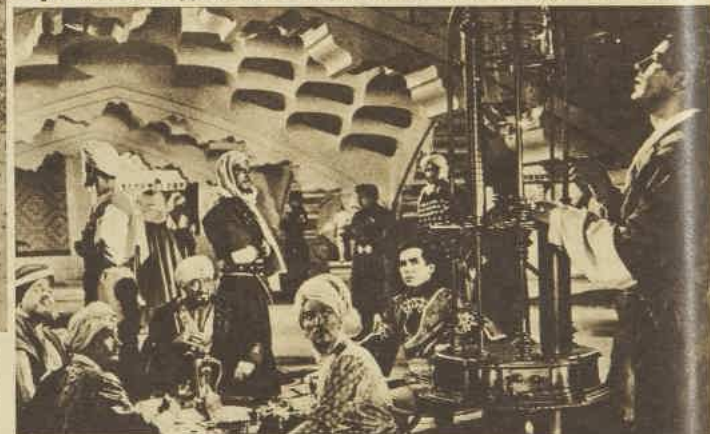
2 AMID the splendors of the palace apartments, the newly arrived Sharain (Debra Paget), who is loved by Omar, learns she is to succeed Zarada (Margaret Hayes) as the Shah's wife. Zarada intrigues for her son.



4 PRETENDING to sympathise with the Assassins, Omar covertly looks for ways of destroying their mountain stronghold.



3 PLOT of the Assassins, a fanatical band of murderers at court, to set up their own Shah is discovered by Omar, already troubled by the threat to his country from the mighty Byzantine army, which is reported to have crossed the border.



5 ABOVE. Omar's scientific knowledge is used to help defeat the enemies of the Shah.

6 LEFT. Horrified, the Shah (Massey) watches with Sharain as his heir, Derek (right), is attacked by an enemy.



7 RIGHT. Following Shah's death in battle, Derek ascends throne and Omar and Sharain become free.



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though. And she strongly suspected that all those "agencies" he so often referred to paid him little and that he took more meals at Pamela's flat than at his own.

Sam and Baba Carroll came up and greeted Julia like old friends who had been cruelly deprived by her absence, though she hadn't known them very long, only for a little while before she went away. Pamela had brought them to the house. And now, even in them Julia discerned the passage of two months.

A brief term, and yet—Sam didn't look as carefree as she had first thought him. There were lines round his eyes and something a little forced in his frequent laugh. Baba's lusciousness had, with advantage, firmed down and her manner was more subdued.

The talk spattered round Julia like a spray of bullets to shoot down her inner thoughts.

And a frequently recurring question: "Where's Edmund?"

"At the office. I'm calling for him there at half-past seven."

Raymond came up with Katherine at his elbow.

Julia turned to him. "Raymond, sweet, there you are."

"Hullo, Julia. Nice to see you back." Kisses.

He was looking handsome and well dressed, different from the ship-shod, untidy youth of two months ago.

The room was filling up, getting smokier, hotter, noisier every minute. The noise had the ceaseless uninflected babble of a brook over stones, not pausing, hurrying on, reaching a high note and staying there. Alcohol made it possible to sustain the most uncomfortable position, a perch on a window ledge, a corner of a fender, one's own two feet endlessly, made possible a fervent interest in any remark, any person; threw a shimmer of brilliance over the flood of talk. I am brilliant, thou art brilliant, he is brilliant.

Julia, thought caught up in its flow, found in a very short while that one part of her was not present, a part that was thinking how much of her past six years resembled this. Parties at home or at other people's houses; giving dinners or going to them; nightclubs; restaurants, the most expensive or the new "good" little one—which so soon turned out to be the new "bad" little one!

Continually on the go, she and Edmund seemed to have been skimming the rich cream of things, with far too many people, known only superficially, always round them. Very nice in its way, but not for a steady diet as Edmund would have it. Perhaps there was a wisdom in that, for him. She felt quite close to him when there were lots of people about, empty distant when they were alone.

Trevor Peel edged his way through to her, glass in hand, that flattering expression in his eyes. He said: "I've had my eye on you. You look like—what do you look like, now? As though you were hearing the heavenly choir . . . or listening for the kettle to boil over. Or is it just mixed drinks?"

She looked up at him with a laugh. "Mixed feelings, I think, Trevor."

"What about?"

"Thoughts unsuitable to a gay gathering."

"Then I was right?"

"Yes, I suppose you were."

"Where is Edmund?"

"At the office." She had answered this question a dozen times since she had arrived an hour ago. What was the other half of her reply? "I'm going along to pick him up at half-past seven."

"Sweet wifely soul, in spite of your moment's rebellion against taking up your butter-

Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

fly round again. Leave it to Edmund, he'll bring you back to normal."

She wasn't the only one who was seeing people as changed, then? Trevor had noticed something different about her. Yes, how different! How could it be otherwise since meeting Lindsay? You didn't have to satisfy love, only feel it, to be changed.

Over Trevor's shoulder she saw long shadows falling across the lawn and a pink mist gathering in the ragged cedars. In a few minutes the sun would turn everything to gold, the flat waters of the bays, the sands skirting them. Somewhere Lindsay would be seeing it, his thoughts on her as wishfully as hers on him.

She stepped aside and put down her glass on a window sill. She must go, have half an hour alone before she met Edmund. To be alone for a little while and give herself up to thinking of Lindsay seemed almost as great a luxury as meeting him.

She slipped through the crowded room, murmured good-bye to Katherine, and hurried out. Not far from the gate she picked up a taxi and drove to the hotel.

When she left her bedroom there a little later and got into the lift and went down, it was still early for her appointment with Edmund. But perhaps he would be ready, she thought. His excuse of having work to do at the office hadn't sounded very genuine. For that matter, all his words and actions today had seemed to her to be cloaking something else, she couldn't guess at what.

That hour's absence before lunch, and again for at least an hour afterwards? Heaven knew she never questioned where he went or what he did, but he had telephoned from the sitting-room of the suite while she was in her bath after lunch, and had come into the bedroom murmuring—well, it had almost sounded guiltily—about having to run over to Ushers for half an hour to meet some fellow. He'd be back shortly.

As she strolled across the downstairs lounge, she caught sight of Lindsay coming down the stairs. She stared, stopped short. There he was, coming slowly down, with that short-sighted expression of abstraction on his face.

Then he saw her, his face lit up, he came hurrying down the last few steps.

"Julia!"

"Lindsay!"

The meeting seemed miraculously given—in this crowded hotel, on this very day, at this very moment!

"Lindsay, what are you doing here?"

"Staying here. The McLeods—I told you I was going to them—are still away, and I found they'd booked me in here for a few days."

"But this is . . ." she had been about to say, "marvellous," but she stopped herself. "We're here, too, for the night."

"You are? Why? I thought you were going home."

"I thought so, too. Some odd notion of Edmund's not to go home till tomorrow."

He looked about, scanning each approaching male.

"No," he hastened to tell him, "he's not here. I'm just off to call for him at his office."

"Ah!" His expression cleared. He put up his hand and made that movement of centring his glasses with extreme precision. Behind them his eyes didn't attempt to conceal his delight at her being there before him.

His smile was triumphant. "You see? What's the use of

us making plans never to meet when all the time we'll be running across each other like this? I expect you know lots of people I'll be meeting, and that sort of thing."

"That's as may be," she said primly.

He laughed. "Every care but no responsibility, eh?"

"Where are you off to now?"

"I'm going over to see some people in Neutral Bay, some people I knew in London."

"Will you get a ferry from Circular Quay?"

"Yes, that's what they told me to do."

They stood at the foot of the stairs, saying things that mattered little but that had the virtue of holding them there, talking of the day behind them since ten this morning.

Julia glanced at her watch. "Heavens! I must run. Edmund can't enjoy his hors d'oeuvre if I'm a minute late."

And that was hardly an

[from page 37]

turned away and went quickly through the lounge.

He followed.

"Taxi, madam?" The doorman stepped forward and opened the door of one just about to draw away.

Julia turned and smiled at Lindsay and he, murmuring something about dropping her at the office and taking the cab on to the Quay, like a man seeing the Fata Morgana in the Marsh, crossed the pavement and got into the taxi beside her.

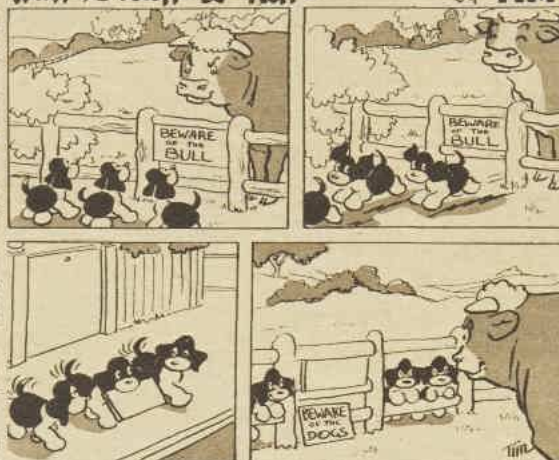
High heels on a stone stairway make a fearful clatter. The noise rang through the corridors of the deserted office building and tapped out alarm as plainly as a drum beat, gaining speed, speed.

Julia, at the foot of the stairs, heard the rushing steps and stood staring upwards,

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



exaggeration. Whose fault was it? Was it her guilt at not loving him more that had created this situation between them?—a situation in which he was fussy tyrannical about trifles and she correspondingly over-anxious. Olive wasn't nearly so tender of his feelings. She could argue with him, could even be a little sharp with him on occasion, in true wifely fashion.

Lindsay said suddenly: "I've just written to you. I was going to post it." He took the sealed and stamped letter out of his pocket.

JULIA looked at it suspiciously.

"Oh? What's it about?"

"Just to tell you—well, never mind, you can read it."

He held it out.

"To tell me what?" she insisted, not taking it.

"Just to say what a pleasant trip it had been for me, that sort of thing. You've put an embargo on our meeting, but surely occasionally I might give you a ring or write you a snail letter?"

"A small letter!" She shook her head ruefully. "When you know quite well that one letter leads to another as surely as one drink to another. Letters can feed love almost as well as meetings. Better with someone like yourself, no stranger to the pen! And then the day comes when I can't get on with my day's doings because your letter hasn't arrived—your usual Monday or Friday letter or whatever it is—and you can't sleep for lying awake to compose your next love screed that's going to wring my heart. And your work begins to suffer and, finally perhaps, those letters are read aloud in the divorce court. No, no, please—no letters! I must go." She

waiting to see who would turn the bend of the stairway, this someone running so wildly. What to? What from?

It was Olive Lockwood.

Julia had thought that everyone she met today was in some way changed; but this, her first sight of Olive—

Down she came, face drained of all color, eyes wide and proclaiming panic, her light summer coat flying out behind her, an Olive changed beyond all knowing, someone she had never seen before.

Throughout the years past Julia had more than once seen her husband's secretary meet a dangerous situation with amazing calm. That time when they had gone back into the drawing-room after guests had left and found the curtains alight to the ceiling. Olive, without pause or fear, had dragged down the blazing fabric and smothered the flames.

That time of the accident when the car had skidded and turned over on the wet road. Cuts, blood everywhere, a broken arm. Olive had been the one to crawl out, and without any symptoms of shock give first-aid to the others and walk a mile to a telephone for help.

Now, nearing the last step she seemed to stumble, and lunging forward almost fell into Julia's arms.

"Olive . . . Olive . . . what is it? What's happened?"

The face usually so habited in composure was broken up by a tempest of emotion. "He . . ."

She gasped. "He's . . . ill. Quickly! Brandy. Help me."

Once again Olive, for all her distraught aspect, took command, and Julia found herself running with her out of the building and down the street. Olive flew towards a chemist's shop round the corner, but Julia, realising the hour and

that the shop must be shut, hurried to a hotel not far away on the other side.

What in the world could be the matter? Had Edmund had a heart attack, some kind of a fainting fit? He had never had anything of the sort before, and this morning at the airport she had been specially struck by his look of perfect health and vitality, the look of a man who enjoyed life and lived it without strain.

In the hotel she snatched up a flask of brandy and threw down a note, then hared back to the building and up the stairs. Quickly she went through the outer office, now empty and dim, with chairs pushed in and typewriters covered by black palls. The silence struck on her like a warning sound. A deeper-seeming silence met her as she pushed open the door of Edmund's room and went in.

He was in his chair, slumped forward, one arm hanging at his side, the other flung across the desk, his head resting on it, face turned a little towards her. A spiral of cigarette smoke still rose from an ash-tray at his elbow. The comfortable office with its thick blue carpet, its deep leather chairs, and solid appointments glowed in the light from the shaded desk lamp. Olive's hat, bag, and gloves were on a chair just inside the door.

Exclaiming, speaking his name, touching his shoulder, Julia leant over him.

No answer . . . no movement . . . and stooping closer she saw that from between his parted lips no breath came to mist the highly polished surface of the desk top.

Olive, entering, broke into that moment of realisation.

Julia looked up. "Olive!" she cried. "He's dead!"

Olive flung up her hands in a gesture of rejection as though to beat back the fact just uttered, the words that hung in the air so brutally. "No, no!" she gasped, and went on crying it. "No, Julia! No . . . no!" She swayed across the room, leant on the desk, looked down at Edmund's still face. She whispered: "Julia! It was me . . . it was me. I hit him. I've killed him."

The statement that Olive made to the detectives that night and later signed was, to Julia, hardly less pitiable than surprising. The fact in it that concerned herself she hadn't yet had time to dwell on or assimilate; it was Olive's unaccountable reaction to it that wrung her with pity.

Before the police arrived, and a doctor, before all the process of the law had been set in motion, it seemed that Edmund had been dead a century, lying in that eternal stillness across the desk with life around him going on so callously, cars passing in the street, somebody below whistling as they went by, his own watch on his wrist ticking, recording minutes that he was now beyond all experiencing.

Olive's frantic distress calmed Julia. It was she, the wife, who tried to comfort the other, who sat beside her and held her ice-cold hand and tried to give her courage for what was ahead of her, the laying bare of this fatal act for all to hear, to read; impersonal policemen, friends, acquaintances, strangers with tomorrow's newspapers. Doubly horrible for Olive, most reticent of women.

For Julia herself, Edmund's death was like a great cold stone of a fact, horrifying but somehow not so grievous, lacking as it did a death-bed wrappings and the gradual diminishing of his masterful character by disease. Edmund dying

naturally might have allowed her to draw closer to him in a way that she felt she never had.

While the homicide squad was in with his body, the two waited in Olive's adjoining room, and it was there that Detective - Inspector Grogan came to them with Detective Sergeant Manning and a constable in uniform.

Grogan eased them into the interrogation with a few tactful nothings that didn't call for any response, and that gave them time to digest the aspects of officialdom.

Though, for that matter, there was little that appeared intimidating about the inspector. At middle age, along with a few pounds of overweight, he had acquired a manner hardly less smooth than his dark, shaven cheek, his flatly brushed black hair, and the glance of his grey-blue Irish eyes.

The idea that he was asking you questions for anybody's good but your own seemed quite unthinkable; a father confessor, rather, who, having encouraged you to unburden yourself, would doubtless shrive you.

So he said what a terrible thing this was and how shocked he realised they must both be feeling and he hoped he wouldn't have to keep them too long, etc.; and only Sergeant Manning punctuated the peroration with a series of sniffs that sounded a note—the faintest note—of cynicism at his chief's usual little bit of soft soap for the dames.

FINALLY Grogan said, stopping before Olive in his light-footed stroll about the room: "Now, Miss Lockwood, would you care to tell us exactly what happened? When we arrived you said something about the gentleman having met his death by a blow at your hands."

Olive didn't look up. She was sitting at her desk in front of the typewriter. She was quiet now, had ceased to sob and bewail, but her hands had made havoc in the dark hair and its spikes stood out from her head like signals of distress.

Presently she nodded faintly. "Yes . . . yes. It was an accident."

"You mean you hit him, but you never meant to kill him?"

"Oh, no, no! How could I have meant to do that? I was devoted to Mr. Wetherby. I'd worked for him for twelve years. He'd always been so kind, so considerate. How could I—how could I—?" Her voice faded out.

"Would you tell us what happened exactly?"

"I—I hardly know," she said in a bewildered tone, looking up at him as though begging not to be asked to recall that irrevocable moment too clearly. "I was mad—mad for a moment, that's all I can say. I didn't know what I was doing. We had a disagreement about something and I—I just sort of hit out with the telephone receiver. I wasn't till I saw him fall across the table—I thought he was stunned."

"Did you try to rouse him?"

"Yes, I leant over and spoke to him, but he didn't answer and I rushed out of the room, and at the foot of the stairs I met Mrs. Wetherby. I told her he was ill and we ran down the street to get brandy. I rushed to a chemist and she went to a hotel. We weren't away more than five minutes. When I got back she was standing beside him and she told me he was—dead."

Julia nodded, her eyes on the bunch of anemones in the vase on the desk. She couldn't bring

To page 55

Changed Brando astounds Paris

Nowadays he will even give autographs to fans

A strangely transformed Marlon Brando has been showing himself to the citizens of Paris. Gone are the jeans, the down-at-heel shoes, and the sullen air. They have been replaced by an excellent, sober suit and a sudden dazzling smile right out of a toothpaste advertisement.

MARLON, who went to Paris for filming of Irwin Shaw's "The Young Lions," even attended the celebrated "Kermesse aux Etoiles," the stars' charity fete held every summer in the Tuileries Gardens.

He vaulted into one of the booths, turned, spread his arms wide, invited the crowd forward, and began, of all unexpected things, to sign autographs furiously.

Soon they had to throw a double cordon of police around him to protect him from the adoration of the Parisiennes.

The role of the young Tyrolean ski-ing master who is a faithful Nazi came along just when Brando was founding his own Hollywood production company and preparing to make a super-Western called "Bust of Vermilion."

When Fox proposed "The Young Lions," Marlon caught fire with the idea, shelved his own production plans, and took a plane for Europe to start work.

Amiable

In the Paris studio he unbent sufficiently to grant half-hour interviews to European pressmen, with an awed and reverent publicist hovering in the background.

He refuses absolutely to answer any personal questions about his private life, but has made it known he is prepared to discuss his work as an actor—or foreign affairs, for which he has a consuming passion.

Last time Marlon came to Paris was three years ago, when the world was buzzing with news of his romance with the daughter of a humble fisherman of Bandol, in the South of France, Josiane Mariani Beranger.

Since then Josiane has become a television star in the States, and has let it be known, not without a certain bitterness, that there is no likelihood that she and Marlon, so inseparable on his last European tour, will marry. Cheeky French journalists, who sought to remind him of this when Marlon invited them to a conference at the swank hotel of the stars, the Hotel Raphael, got short shrift.

"No comment," he rapped, "on personal remarks—or questions." Then apologetically he added, with a slow-dawning but brilliant placatory smile, "I speak—je parle—er comme une vache."

The French gave a roar of delight at his heroic grappling with their colloquialisms. To confess he spoke "like a cow!" Once the moody Brando would never have tried to please.

In spite of his mistrust of news hawks, Brando has former journalist Jean Paul Faure, now a publicity man, as one of his closest buddies.

Others are the young directors Robert Hussein and brilliant Roger Vadim, estranged husband of Brigitte Bardot.

Francoise Sagan, the young best-selling novelist, is a member of the Brando coterie, too. They met in New York and became great friends over

drinks, and talk about books. It is with these mildly intellectual cronies that Marlon really lets what there is of his hair down, clowns, roars with laughter, and finds his real ease.

While his visits to a psychiatrist over the years seem to have changed Brando outwardly into a sunnier, gay, less-complicated fellow, he remains a man of moods, preserves a grave demeanor on the set, and is prone to "think too much."

From
BILL STRUTTON,
of our London staff

The inwardly shy Brando has been thinking with considerable effect about his latest film.

"We have changed the character and conception of the book," he said. "Now the character I play is not a brutal German, but an idealistic one."

"Although he is dedicated to Hitler's ideals, he sees the moral degradation that Nazism brings, and, realising it is a

creed based on murder, he is eventually disillusioned."

Marlon Brando, who exercises a genius for disappearing into the crowd and being swallowed by it, kept from inquiring columnists any clues about the girls he dated for dinner, or his favorite haunts on the Left Bank.

He has been known before this to suspend abruptly flirtations with girls who boasted too openly of having hooked the diffident Brando as an escort.

The star, who has a horror of growing fat, is nevertheless showing a tendency to corpulence which may strain the loyalty of some of his admirers. In vain he has renounced all starch and turned teetotal.

France is not the country for a prosperous actor intent on remaining slim. It is nevertheless the country for Brando. Here he feels he can sink his somewhat-too-notorious identity.



He has no need to resort to unhooking his telephone whenever he is at home, as he did in his Hollywood flat.

He used to say about that, "O.K., so then my friends ring me and get the engaged signal, they know I am home and they can come and see me. If it rings, they know I am out and they don't have to bother."

Above all, he has a feeling for France because of his origins. The family name used to be Brandeau.

HAIR DYED BLOND for his Nazi role in "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando listens to instructions from director Edward Dmytryk.

He is less the outlaw nowadays and more the sober businessman-actor, taking good care of his financial future.

He calls his own film production company "Marsdo," short for "Marlon's dough," which he now possesses in increasing lumps with each picture he makes.

★ ★ MEN IN WAR

United Artists Korean war drama, with Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray. Plaza, Sydney.

THERE is suspense and drama in this well-made film of an American platoon cut off from help in the Korean retreat of 1950.

As the leader of the 17 surrounded, battle-weary men who must fight their way back to battalion headquarters, Robert Ryan has exactly the sort of part that suits him best.

Always forceful and effective, Aldo Ray, driving a jeep with his shell-shocked colonel across country and away from the war, runs into Ryan and his men, and is forced by Ryan to stay in the fighting.

The enmity between the two natural leaders persists until they and one other man, the sole survivors, are relieved on a captured enemy hill.

Director Anthony Mann has achieved some splendidly telling effects in a film that soft-pedals the heroics and concentrates on realism.

In a word: GRIPPING.

★ THEIR SECRET AFFAIR

Warner romantic comedy, with Kirk Douglas, Susan Hayward. Century, Sydney.

A FAIRLY amusing idea, though developed without bite or brilliance, is at the back of this reasonably diverting comedy.

New Film Releases

In being appointed to a top diplomatic post, U.S. Army General Douglas displeases magazine publisher Hayward, who has devoted a considerable amount of space to promoting the cause of her own nomination.

Setting out to break him, Susan gets the evidence she wants, and when it is too late to withdraw the damaging story realises that she has fallen in love with her victim.

Victim is the word, for, though reputedly the toughest General in the U.S. Army, Kirk is no match for Susan when she tightens that little mouth of hers.

The release of a secret Army document reveals the supposed disgraceful episode to have been in the course of duty and delivers Kirk into the arms of the lady publisher.

In a word: LIGHT.

★ INTERLUDE

Universal's romantic drama, with Rossano Brazzi, June Allyson. In technicolor CinemaScope. State, Sydney.

WITH Munich as its background instead of Venice, here under a new title and with a few minor plot twists is the Katharine Hepburn-Rossano Brazzi "Summer Madness" of a few years ago.

Brazzi is again the fascin-

ating Continental (this time an orchestra conductor) who spells romance to an American girl in Europe for the first time. Again he is not free, and again the girl, in this case June Allyson, says a sad goodbye and returns to her native land.

But June is rather luckier, though less moving, than Katy. For, in the person of Keith Andes, a young American doctor completing his studies at Munich, where June works in the American Information Library, she has not only a travelling companion for the trip home but a ready-made future.

In temperamental range, little June, outfitted with a practically all-white wardrobe, is no match for the charming and polished Brazzi.

Marianne Cook, playing Brazzi's mentally ill wife, is exquisitely beautiful and elegant.

The plot will please those who like a sad love story, and the scenery and interiors those who see Europe from a theatre seat.

In a word: ROMANTIC.

THE BURGLAR

Columbia crime drama, with Jayne Mansfield, Dan Duryea, Martha Vickers. Capitol, Sydney.

THE Mansfield of this rather shoddy attempt at realism is a straight

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

dramatic actress who doesn't bend over, wiggle, or speak in a throaty coo. Her measurements, too, appear to be less spectacular.

On this occasion she looks more like Diana Dors than Marilyn Monroe. On the whole her performance would indicate that her path to further fame and fortune is along the road of light comedy (for which she has exhibited some real talent) rather than that of serious dramatic art.

Her part here is that of a member of a safe-breaking gang led by Dan Duryea, whose big-brother attitude drives her into the arms of a crooked cop who wants the loot from the gang's last robbery.

The crooked cop's girlfriend (Martha Vickers) is at the same time working on Dan, who, to save Jayne, surrenders the jewellery and heroically sacrifices his own life.

Mickey Shaughnessy, the brutal, gun-happy member of the gang, fires the shot that turns a jewel robbery into murder.

In a word: UNIMPRESSIVE.



BRANDO as Christian Dietl, Nazi soldier in "The Young Lions," the film based on Irwin Shaw's book.



"Gee Billy, I wish I had one as big as that to eat..."!

Continuing . . . Murder Was Her Welcome

from page 52

herself to look at Olive's face. The tortured voice was bad enough to hear. Why, everything in the room was an expression of Olive's neatness and order. But for the flowers — that one tiny explosion of purple and red — there wasn't a superfluous object, nor a paper out of place. And now for it to be hearing this tale of the most extreme disorder . . . Underlying every word that was spoken came the whisper of the constable's pen on the paper.

She looked up to find the sergeant's prominent blue eyes resting on her speculatively. She was the wife — shouldn't the wife scream or sob? She looked down again, guarding the painful confusion of her feelings from his no doubt unswerving gaze. Her horror at Olive's situation was temporarily dulling the shock of Edmund's death. Olive had a battle to fight into which she, Julia, must throw herself with everything she had.

How unhurried they were, these men! Not a word was said for what seemed an age, while she heard sounds from the next room, where she supposed that in spite of Olive's confession the routine connected with a violent death was going forward.

Then the sergeant asked, turning his gloomy gaze on Olive: "Did you and the deceased often work back here after everyone else had left?"

"No — at least, I'm occasionally here after hours. I sometimes stay behind to catch up with my private correspondence. I haven't got a typewriter at home. That was what I was doing this evening. But I was surprised when he came in."

"What time was that?"

"I think it was six o'clock, I —"

Julia confirmed this.

"So he turned up here at six?" Grogan said.

"Yes," Olive answered. "On his way through to his room he stopped, of course, and sat down here for a while." Her eyes flicked to the chair where Edmund might have sat, seeing him there again, perhaps — big, fair, confident — her boss who had made up the major part of her life for the past twelve years, while she had grown from a timid little junior to a businesswoman hardly less confident than he.

SHE said: "We talked. He told me about Mrs. Wetherby's return. He said she looked wonderful . . . that she had lots of pretty new frocks . . . and he said that that afternoon he happened to see at a jeweller's a nice piece of opal and had bought it for her for a welcome-home gift. I couldn't help saying, 'But, Mr. Wetherby, why opal? It's so unlucky.' He only laughed and patted his pocket and said, 'Anyone'd be lucky to get this!' And to think that so soon —" She covered her eyes for a moment. "Then he went in there and I went on with my letters."

"Did he call you in to take down a letter or something?"

"No," she said. "No," and closed her lips firmly.

"Your hat and bag's in there. Looks like you went in to say something to him just before you were leaving, and it blew up into a quarrel. What was it about, now?"

"There's no need to go into that," she said in a low voice. "Isn't there, though! My word, there is. Every need."

"No. No."

"For your own sake, I mean, Miss Lockwood. A blow struck under great provocation makes a big difference to a judge and jury," he reminded her.

She winced, her face worked for a moment, but she stayed firm. "I shouldn't have said

what I did to him. I had no right to. It was a gross interference on my part. I see it now. His private affairs. Let it die, let it be forgotten. There are — other people to think of."

Julia put in quietly: "Don't think about them, Olive. It's you that matters now."

Suddenly Olive crumpled up, her hands went over her face, her shoulders shaking.

Quickly Julia got up and put an arm round her. "Olive, Olive — don't! Of course it was all a hideous accident. Just as though he — he'd had a fall, been run over. Everyone must know you didn't mean to do it."

The storm lasted some little time, with Olive sobbing uncontrollably and Julia standing above her, a hand smoothing back the wild hair.

Silently the two detectives regarded them, their glances seeming to ask which of them was the dead man's wife! Even the constable, the note-taking automaton, took time to lift his head and look at them.

After a minute the sobs subsided. Olive said on a gulp of tears: "It was another woman. I discovered he was deceiving his wife."

A ripple of surprise passed over Julia's face. Whatever guess she might have made at the cause of the quarrel it would never have been this: Edmund having an affair with another woman and Olive embroiled in it.

Slowly she sat down again, took out a cigarette and slowly lighted it. Her dark blue eyes seemed to have grown darker as they looked beyond this lifted curtain on Edmund's life.

Grogan asked: "So that's what you went into his room to talk to him about, is it?"

Olive nodded. "Yes. I sat here, screwing myself up to go in and speak to him. I only discovered about it this morning. I had found — evidence." Her voice dropped. "Evidence . . . And then I began to see it all. Would I speak, would I go in and tell him what I'd found? It began the morning Mrs. Wetherby went away, two months ago. She gave me a coat. Do you remember, Julia?"

"Yes . . . yes," Julia came back from her swift flight over a changed landscape. "The one you've got on now."

"Yes," Olive said, drawing it closer round her, the coat of coarse beige linen. "Or rather, you said to me at the airport when I went to see you off that you'd left it hanging in your wardrobe and for me to go and take it."

"I remember, yes, that's so."

Olive turned back to Grogan. "Mrs. Wetherby's always so generous. We're much the same build. So next day I went to her house — Mrs. Duffy the cook was there — but when I looked in the wardrobe there was no sign of the coat."

Julia's brows lifted in surprise. She remembered so well leaving it for Olive, hanging there with some summer dresses.

Olive went on: "I thought at first that Mrs. Wetherby had forgotten and taken it with her, and then the day after it struck me that no, she wouldn't have taken a linen coat to London in October. So I went back and looked again, thinking it might've got pushed behind something in the wardrobe, or fallen down, that I'd missed it somehow."

"Anyway, back I went, and there it was in full view. Where it hadn't been the day before! I took it down and carried it home over my arm. What I thought then was that it'd been to the cleaners and had just come back that day. Though frankly it bore no sign of the cleaners. It was

practically a new coat, wasn't it, Julia?"

The other nodded. "Well, I hung it in my own wardrobe, and actually I didn't look at it again till this morning when I took it down and thought it would go rather well with this new dress I was wearing. I put it on. I put my hand in this right pocket. There was something there."

Jerking open a drawer of the desk where she sat, she pulled out a cobweb garment, a black nylon slip, a thing so fine and filmy that it would take up little more room in a pocket than a handkerchief.

"This," she said: "This," and shook it out and dropped it on the desk.

There it lay among the pens and paper clips; and with it came a breeze from the sweet primrose path, a path so profitably promoted by the makers of such alluring nothings as this.

The three policemen eyed



the exhibit for a moment, and it seemed that Olive's case of the deceased's straying was proved beyond all question.

Julia said slowly: "But, Olive . . . didn't you think it was mine?"

"No, I didn't." She turned sharply and looked at Julia. "It isn't, is it?"

"No . . . it isn't."

Olive gave a bitter little smile. "No. I knew it wasn't. Because today when I found it I began to recall a lot of other facts and I realised what they added up to. Yes . . . oh, yes! Someone had been in your room with him the very night you went away, and on leaving had borrowed the coat, had crumpled up the slip and pushed it into the pocket and forgotten to take it out when she brought the coat back the following evening." She looked from one to the other and spread her palms in question. "Can you find any other explanation? Can you?"

A silence.

Then Grogan said: "Well . . . taken in conjunction with the other facts you say you noticed. What were they?"

"One — on that same first day of Mrs. Wetherby's departure. Mr. Wetherby came in here on his return from the airport and told me to ring and put off a dinner engagement he had for that evening with a man from Melbourne. The dinner was with several businessmen, quite an important affair."

"He told me to say he wasn't well, had a touch of flu, couldn't attend. That wasn't like him. Oh, no, the smallest bit! He was perfectly well! . . . Then his suggesting in the first place, Julia, your going abroad. It was he,

wasn't it, who did that? Actually promoted it! That you should be away from home for two months!"

Julia nodded.

"And while you were away. Mrs. Duffy there only from breakfast time for a few hours. He used to go home round about five-thirty. He still went up to Meryton for his week-ends, but through the week — Alone so many nights in that empty house? Dining there alone? Spending the evenings there alone? Was that like him, Julia?"

Julia shook her head, thinking, oh, how unlike Edmund that was!

"No," Olive hurried on. "No! . . . All this didn't strike me, of course, till this morning when that — she jerked her head at the accusing garment — "came to light. I found it hard to believe and yet there was nothing else to think. I

that he'd only been fooling me along, that he had no intention of breaking with her. Nothing but promises, empty promises! I went sort of mad and — struck at him." She sank into her chair again. Her figure seemed to shrink suddenly, her shoulders sagged, her head drooped. It was as though with the telling of the story all passion and fury had streamed out of her, leaving only an emptiness . . .

Julia thought that what these detectives didn't as yet understand was that "the marriage" Olive mentioned in that tone was, in a way, Olive's own. It was her own life she was protecting, a life so suited to her temperament. So many of the benefits of marriage and none of its closer responsibilities. A wife without portfolio. The possessor of a husband who made no husbandly demands. That was what Olive had been.

The parties she arranged — when the flowers were praised it was Olive who had thought of those. That dinner so successful — Edmund: "A damn nice dinner, Julia." "Yes, Olive has a real flair for food." This unknown charmer, this shedder of black nylon slips, was threatening the very core of Olive's happiness. A divorce between Edmund and herself and Olive would slip back to being just a useful secretary again, shut out from a whole world . . .

Grogan was saying: "Who was this other woman?"

Olive looked up at him, her stare was vacant. "Oh . . . I don't know."

He looked sceptical. "You don't know, eh?"

"No."

"Now look, Miss Lockwood, you collected all these facts and had all this talk with him about her, like you've just told us, but you say her name wasn't mentioned or nothing let drop that'd give you a clue?"

"It didn't need to be, that didn't matter to me."

"You didn't even know if it was someone you knew or a perfect stranger?"

"No . . . I've no idea."

He turned to Julia. "Can you make a guess at it, Mrs. Wetherby? Did you notice your husband being interested in anyone else?"

"No. No, certainly not. But as Miss Lockwood says, I can't think how that can matter now." Her words were very detached, not so her thoughts as they hastily passed in review, friends, distant and close, possible lovers for Edmund. Which? Who?

GROGAN was silent for a moment, looking from one to the other. Let that go for now. There'd be other ways of finding out if they couldn't — or wouldn't — tell.

Suddenly he asked Olive: "Did you have no idea, now, when you ran out for help that he was dead?"

"None . . . oh, none! I couldn't have believed it. I couldn't have believed," she whispered, "that such a little blow could kill a man."

"No. Some skulls are very thin." There was a dryness in the inspector's tone; it implied that people who went about bashing others were apt to get unpleasant surprises. "Where were you standing when you hit him?" he asked.

"At the end of his desk, close to his chair."

"Can you tell me if anything was touched before we arrived?"

Julia answered this: "I can assure you of that. Nothing was touched. I went into the

room first while Miss Lockwood was still out trying to get brandy. I found everything just as she says. My husband lying across the desk and the telephone receiver hanging down, swinging to and fro. We came in here, then, and I telephoned for a doctor and she sent for the police."

It seemed to Julia that now there could be nothing more they could want to know, but as it turned out all that had gone before was little more than a beginning.

With apparently tireless patience the detectives turned back to Olive and took her step by step over her story again, probing for more and more details, for details that filled in the picture until it was like one of those paintings of a Dutch interior with not a reflection on a tile, nor a gleam on an apple, nor a fold of drapery that wasn't brought to life with clarity before your eyes.

All over again: How close she'd stood to him at the desk. Two feet? Three? Which hand she had used when she struck him? How long the quarrel had lasted? What he had been doing when she went into his room? Reading? Writing? Or just waiting? Had he had any special work that had brought him back instead of going to the party with Mrs. Wetherby?

Had he talked of his wife in the same terms as always? Had he looked at all put out to find his secretary here at that hour or made any suggestion that it was time for her to go home? Back to her suspicions during the day . . . back to the coat . . . back to the wardrobe.

Olive became less and less emotional in her replies. She became just an answering machine, hardly less concerned, it might have been thought, than the constable recording her words.

Julia was surprised at the exhaustion she felt, though it would have been hard to say why, since the inspector didn't bully or appear to doubt or once drop his father confessor manner. But in weariness she crossed one leg over the other only to uncross it again, lighted a cigarette that tasted too bad to smoke, crushed it out and lighted another, took off her earrings and dropped them into her bag, watched her watch hands creeping round and round . . .

But nothing could hold back the moment when Olive had to gather up hat and bag, drop a ring of keys on the desk, take a last look round her office — the last, Julia knew she was thinking — and, white and drawn, go down the stairs with the detectives and get into the police car . . .

Later that evening Manning observed to Grogan with a gloomy shake of the head: "These rich businessmen can buy a lot very cheap. Very cheap indeed." The Wetherby wealth was running strongly against Edmund with the class-conscious sergeant. "You can see he had this Lockwood runnin' round in circles, waitin' on him hand and foot. And all for a nice handbag at Christmas and bein' let have her hair permed in office hours!"

"That's about the strength of it, Les," Grogan agreed, but he wasn't really listening. He tilted his hat over his eyes and thoughtfully scratched the back of his neck. "One point in that story they told up there. Wonder if you noticed?"

Manning waited, looking sideways at his chief.

"Well, now, look —" the inspector said. And he told him.

Next morning Julia came back to consciousness with the slate of memory wiped clean,

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Murder Was Her Welcome

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knowing only that it was morning again, that the sun was shining and—Where was she? For in one of those whirling moments that pounce on the newly alighted traveller she couldn't place herself anywhere with certainty. London? Paris? Or aloft in the plane? Her eyes flew wide.

They opened on her own long, cool bedroom where the light came filtered through shutters bearing scents and sounds that told of the young summer day outside.

So, after all, her first night back had been spent in her own home. But alone. The house below, all round her, down the stairs, was silent with a silence and emptiness that had a different quality from any known here before.

As she sat up last night's happenings rushed over her like an inundating flood that transformed every aspect of her life. Yesterday there had been one landscape, today there was another. Edmund was dead . . . he was dead. The main-spring of her existence had been broken. She was adrift without him, hardly knew what to do or think, so completely had he ordered her life.

Last night—what a nightmare it had been! When finally in the small hours she had undressed and dropped on to her bed she had dropped, too, into a sleep of exhaustion without the briefest moment of surfacing, without dreams.

Alec had been an unexpected pillar of support last night. At her telephone call he had hurried to the office, got in touch with and engaged one of the best criminal lawyers; had taken to Olive in the cells at Central Lane the bag they packed at her room; then he had gone to the Australia Hotel and collected her own and Edmund's luggage.

HE had appeared not unpleasant to be asked to emerge from semi-invalidism to play an active part once more. Poor old Alec! With his winking moustache and his staccato speech like machine-gun fire, with his "old girls" and "well wells" and "what whats!" And a great many double brandies by the way to punctuate the hours of crisis.

Unexpected, too, had been his magnanimous attitude towards Olive. He had referred more than once to Edmund's death as "this ghastly acci-

dent" and had spoken never a word of condemnation. Here at last he had tried to persuade her to let him stay the night or to ring Katherine to bear her company. But to be alone after all that had happened had seemed to Julia the best thing she could ask.

The scent of the night garden as they got out of the car on the drive, the whisper of the sea beyond the wall beyond the lawns, her key in the door, lights springing up everywhere, the hall and rooms looking the same and yet sharply different with her two months' absence from them—last night all these things had spoken of Edmund's never-return with knell-like voices.

In the kitchen Alec had insisted on getting her a meal of sorts and had served it with a perfect volley of "Poor old

that had been in the shower of gifts from Edmund at the time of their marriage.

She combed her faintly curling hair and dabbed absently at her face with a morning lotion. Devoid of make-up her face looked sleep-washed and blank. The room's reflection in the glass was palely, empty still.

As she sat there she suddenly noticed that the Persian rug was missing from under her dressing-table stool. Vaguely she thought that Mrs. Duffy must have put it by mistake in one of the other bedrooms, in Edmund's room that adjoined this, or in one of the spare rooms across the landing. It barely floated into the centre of her consciousness, the missing rug that was to explain so much later.

She left the room and went down the stairs, feeling like a ghost on the shallow green-carpeted treads. She went through the music-room, and, opening the french windows, stepped outside.

Enchantment was there in the very essence of the morning. It was enclosed between the high hedges of black-green cypress, in the deep polished gloss on the leaves of the gardenia bushes, with their snowy opening buds giving out the lemony-sweet scent; it was in the corner urns spilling over with white geraniums, and in the drooping Jericho trumpet flowers, hanging heavy as though too listless to sound. The wistaria walk was thickly leaved now. It had bloomed white and lavender while she was away. Dew covered everything thickly with the promise of a hot day. Most of the flowers here were white. Edmund had called Julia's taste for them morbid, funereal.

Crossing the hall as she went through again, Julia did one or two housewifely things, gathered up some newspapers from a table, and Edmund's golf bag leaning against a chair, dumped down there, evidently, after some recent afternoon at Rose Bay. She lifted the light overcoat that hung over the back of the chair and went towards the cloak-room. Something heavy in one of the pockets of the coat bumped against her knee, and pausing a moment she put her hand in. Something metal—cold—a revolver.

To be continued

Notice to Contributors

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Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscripts in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

Edmund!" and "Ghastly shows!" and "Poor old girls!"

Julia got out of bed, put on gown and slippers, stood pulling the sash of her gown tighter, tying it, stood in a kind of daze that was compounded of a great number of unresolved emotions. Was it better or worse for her, the thought that this bedroom didn't seem nearly so much hers since Edmund had brought another woman here?

Was it better or worse that she couldn't, with undivided mind, think of him any more as a devoted and faithful husband? At least she was freed from remorse for her two months' flight abroad, knowing now, as she did, that that had been of his arranging for a purpose. For the purpose.

She went across to her dressing-table, still stripped of her toilet things. She unpacked her dressing-bag and put out bottles and jars and brushes, the monogrammed ivory pieces

36 sandwiches

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7. Sliced apple and Velveeta.
8. Kraft Old English and tomato.
9. Kraft Cheddar Cheese Spread and shredded lettuce.
10. Sliced tomato and sliced "tasty" Coon Cheese.
11. Sliced lambs' fry and Vegemite.
12. Kraft Cheddar, sliced hard-boiled egg and chutney.
13. Grated raw carrot, Vegemite and Kraft Cheddar.
14. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese and a red berry jam.
15. Hard-boiled egg, chopped and combined with Bonox.
16. Red Feather Wham and pickles or chutney.
17. Sliced apple and sliced "tasty" Coon Cheese.
18. Kraft Cheddar and Peanut Butter.
19. Vegemite and finely chopped celery.
20. Shredded Kraft Cheddar, grated carrot and Kraft Mayonnaise.
21. Kraft Cream Cheese Spread and chopped celery.
22. Kraft Cheddar and cooked crumbled bacon.
23. Vegemite and shredded lettuce.
24. Kraft Velveeta and chopped walnuts.
25. Any of the 6 varieties of Red Feather Meat Pastes and Kraft Sandwich Relish.
26. Kraft Cheddar, Bonox and thinly sliced pickled onion.
27. Peanut butter, Bonox and shredded lettuce.
28. Kraft Swiss Cheese with sliced gherkin.
29. Vegemite and sliced hard-boiled egg.
30. Kraft Velveeta and raisins.
31. Kraft Danish Blue Spread and shredded lettuce.
32. Scrambled egg and Vegemite.
33. Carrot strips, lettuce and Kraft Cheddar.
34. Philadelphia Cream Cheese and tinned asparagus.
35. Vegemite and Kraft Cheddar.
36. Vegemite and chopped parsley.



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stop corn pain at once.
Medicated discs included
remove corns. 2/-
Chemists, Stores, Shoe
Dealers, Scholl Depots.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

Continuing . . . The American Ingredient

(from page 21)

progressed, to keep from laugh-
ing himself to death.

But first we should glance
backstage to the special kit-
chen of the Ritz, where guest-
chef Armand Bonneval, like
Toscanini conducting without
a score, created his fabulous
banquet wholly from memory
and without referring to any
text.

Refusing all assistance pro-
vided in the form of friers,
saucemakers, and junior cooks,
he buzzed about the kitchen, a

plaudits of the members and
France's highest decoration.

It was at this moment, just
as the toastmaster announced,
"Messieurs, le President de la
Republique," that the distur-
bance next door broke out, pre-
cipitating a crisis such as not
even the oldest member of the
Cercle could recall.

For as the Chief of State rose
to his feet, several dozen hounds
collected in the hall without



veritable dynamo of energy,
whipping salt pork, minced
clams, potatoes, onions, and
cream into the wonderful bouil-
labaisse; with his own hands
preparing the hot sauce con-
taining onion, catchup, vinegar,
Worcestershire, various peppers,
paprika, and chilli powder for
the charcoal-grilled salmon;
and crisping the long, sausage-
shaped quenelles in the fat
wherein frizzled the fascinating
dish of swine's intestines
flavored with cloves and chop-
ped red peppers.

With deft touch and loving
care he golden-browned the
tender Bresse chicken sections,
creating the thick cream gravy
to pour over them. To the
tubers imported from French
Africa he added honey, orange
juice, and brown sugar; he took
particular care with the vege-
table pudding and the avocado
salad, and lavished attention
upon the dessert browning in
the oven.

Marvellous odors, rich and
spicy, filled the kitchen and
were wafted out to the two
banqueting rooms beyond—the
one where the Cercle waited
hungrily, and next door where
the Chantilly Hunt Club was
likewise dining in great state,
formal red coats and all.

Reports tell how the mem-
bers of the Cercle were en-
thralled by the very first dish
—the wonderful soup concocted
by their guest chef. They
began to applaud with the ap-
pearance of the fish course with
its new and marvellous sauce,
and their enthusiasm knew no
bounds with the arrival of the
pork accompanied by the quen-
elles, the like of which for
flavor they had never tasted
before.

Tears were shed over the
chicken with its accessories of
fabulous potatoes and extra-
ordinary soufflé. Excitement
mounted to a fever pitch with
the unusual salad, and when
the fragrant, mahogany-brown,
spicy Gâteau de Courge ap-
peared, the dignified members
of the Cercle, stuffed to the
eyebrows, were prepared to
carry Monsieur Bonneval in
triumph upon their shoulders.

However, this had to wait
upon the address of the Presi-
dent of the nation and the sum-
moning of the guest-chef to the
banquet room to receive the

gave tongue simultaneously in
shrill whines, barking, yap-
pings, yelps, and shrieks. It
was the famous Chantilly Pack,
being brought to the banquet
for the annual ceremony of
being blessed by the Bishop of
Chantilly.

Held in leash outside the
banquet hall in the foyer, they
yapped vociferously in both
French and English, while the
President of France stood on
his feet, unable to hear him-
self think, much less speak,
and the chairman and members of
the Cercle turned crimson with
embarrassment. No one knew
what to do. Indeed, there
seemed to be nothing to be
done to save the situation.

But attend! Likewise out-
side the door, up to his knees
in baying foxhounds, there
waited one who was also in
possession of a tremendous se-
cret. It was none other than
M. Armand Bonneval, ready to
be called inside to take his bow.
He saw the impasse. He re-
alised the solution. For him,
to see and to know were to act.

"Vite! Vite!" he called to an
assistant nearby. "Bring the
quenelles! Run! Fetch the
remaining quenelles at once!"

The assistant ran. He re-
turned with a huge dish heaped
high with crispy, fragrant,
brown, sausage-shaped cakes.
Bonneval seized them and flung
them by handfuls to the
screaming Chantilly Pack.

"Taisez-vous, mechants
chiens!" he cried.

The animals flung them-
selves upon the succulent offer-
ings. They gobbled. And a
moment later nothing but
silence, golden silence broken
only by almost inaudible canine
snufflings of joy, filled the
foyers and banqueting rooms.
The President commenced to
speak; ten minutes later Mon-
sieur Bonneval made his en-
trance, to be greeted with a
standing ovation and ringing
cheers as the distinguished new
member of France's Legion
d'Honneur.

And outside in the hall a
baffled Negro kennel-boy in the
employ of an American film
man, owner of the Chantilly
Pack, fingered one of the
golden-brown, sausage-length
cakes and, shaking his head,
said, "He called 'em quenelles,
but dey looks like, dey smells

like, and dey sure enough acts
like good old-fashioned Talla-
hasse hush puppies."

Ah, yes. By now you will
have guessed what the wicked
Monsieur Bonneval had done
to revenge himself upon his tor-
mentors, evade the promise ex-
tracted by his wife, and main-
tain the dignity of a chef of
the Cordon Bleu, retired, to
whom nobody tells anything
about what he shall or shall
not cook, or how.

But if not, you will only have
to imagine yourself a mouse at
a quiet investiture in the Ameri-
can Embassy, where M. Ar-
mand Bonneval was decorated
with the United States medal
of the Legion of Merit, the cita-
tion reading in part, "For cour-
age in the face of great adver-
sity and an unexampled demon-
stration of supreme friendship
for the United States of
America."

For, being the only American
present at the exclusive feast of
the Cercle, none but the ambassa-
dor, who had been born in
Alabama, educated in the Mid-
west, attended Harvard Law
School, and practised law on
the Pacific Coast, was aware of
the true nature of the French-
sounding repast prepared by
M. Bonneval.

Picture the diplomat's joy,
for instance, when the bouil-
labaisse arrived and he found
himself eating the finest Boston
clam chowder to be had out-
side of Gallagher's Fish House
on South Market Street.

Imagine his delight at
being presented with barbecued
salmon with round-up barbecue
sauce, as it is prepared in the
Columbia River section of the
Northwest, where the big sock-
eyes run, followed by Alabama
hog chitlins with turnip greens,
pot likker, and genuine Florida
style hush puppies.

His enchantment, amusement
and affection for the little chef
grew with the appearance of
Maryland fried chicken with
cream sauce, candied yams,
and old-fashioned Southern
style corn pudding, was aug-
mented by the real red Gaa-
camole the way they used to
make it in Monterey, and cli-
maxed by the appearance of
the famous Gâteau de Courge,
which any French dictionary
and a little imagination and
skill translate into good old
New England pumpkin pie.

None of the above, of course,
appeared in the citation; the
ambassador never mentioned it
to anyone, nor did Bonneval
ever breathe a word, not even
after his red rosette was securely
implanted in his buttonhole.

Nevertheless, the facts have
somehow managed to leak
out and appear in this space,
unfortunately or fortunately,
as you may care to look at it, con-
sidering that that great deli-
cacy, the Tallahassee hush
puppy, has probably made its
last appearance in la belle
France.

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• Ready to
wear . . . or
cut out ready
to make.



"EVE."—Shortie pyjamas in flower-printed, anti-shrink rayon
with a black lace trim. The color choice includes flower colors
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Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 77/6; 36 and 38in.
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As a breakfast...

... wholesome whole wheat rolled and baked, toasted and malted, then sealed into lovely firm breakfast biscuits. All the goodness in the world ready to eat in a moment — wonderful with hot or cold milk, superb with fruit — you'll love VITA-BRITS because they taste so good!

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PV112.PPWW



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her profile and examined each feature by turn in an effort to see what the unknown rich fiancé could see in her.

Perhaps her eyes were a rather attractive blue? Warm, one might say. And her hair . . . On closer inspection its smoothness was unusual. Her figure, too, was — he sought for the words — certainly adequate.

But that was all. Definitely that was all. But the man was probably elderly. Yes, no doubt that was the explanation. He'd want only kindness and sympathy now, and doubtless the girl could supply that, if nothing else.

Anthony's good nature would probably have persisted all day — for he was by nature kindly, if a little solemn — had his secretary not shattered his calm just as he was leaving for lunch.

"Mr. Lacock," she said, and drew a small horseshoe on her shorthand pad, "I've got something to tell you. I'm getting married next month. My fiancé's going abroad and I'm going up north to live with his mother for the time being. So I'll be leaving."

There was nothing Anthony could do but say how pleased he was about her engagement, and how sorry he was she was going. But the whole thing so upset him that he could only toy with his lunch.

Miss Davis was a good secretary, efficient and unruffled. Now he would have to go all through the business of finding someone to replace her, teach the newcomer the office routine, and get used to her himself.

For the rest of the day the problem was on his mind. It was not even dispelled by the company of one of his many rather gorgeous young girlfriends that evening. Rita was a blonde, and had a great many assets, but a readiness to listen to other people's troubles wasn't one of them.

With all this on his mind, it was hardly surprising that he didn't notice the girl with the ring next morning. Didn't give her a thought, in fact, till she

got out of the train just before him and dropped her umbrella.

Being a young man noted for his suave manners, Anthony bent at once to pick it up, and was surprised to see what good legs she had. Perhaps because his attention wasn't really on the umbrella, he knocked it clumsily with his foot. To his extreme consternation it rolled off the platform and disappeared down the side of the train.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry. I'll get a porter."

"If you don't mind," said the girl, not looking the least put out.

Anthony had all the normal Englishman's horror of causing fuss, and this promised to develop into one.

A small crowd collected from nowhere, in the extraordinary way small crowds do, and eventually a porter and the guard became involved, too.

Anthony was almost beginning to feel a fool — but the girl with the ring moved soothingly through the confusion.

She calmed Anthony when his impeccably shod foot was trodden on by an excited porter. She even rescued his hat when the ticket collector accidentally knocked it off.

When, eventually, the thing was brought to the surface, Anthony handed round small change in large amounts, even pressing a coin into the hand of one who, he realised too late, was a mere bystander.

"I hope this hasn't delayed you too much?" he said, as they walked towards the barrier.

"Really, no," the girl answered earnestly. "I had plenty of time to spare. Anyway, it was all my fault for dropping it down there in the first place. You were wonderful to get it back for me with so little fuss."

They had come to the exit. With a farewell smile the girl disappeared. Walking to the taxi-rank, Anthony was struck by her last words.

He had handled it rather

coolly, he supposed. Remarkable how well a little touch of authority worked — combined, of course, with tact. It could have caused quite an unfortunate disturbance.

The girl was an attractive little thing in her way. He could see that now. Not his type, of course. But pleasant enough.

Unfortunately, he had a trying day. The efficient Miss Davis made mistakes in her letters and even had to retype one. It was the effect of getting married, of course. Incredible, the swiftness with which the ordinary female lost interest in her work when marriage beckoned.

At six o'clock he met Rita. The evening was a success, but he woke with an uncomfortable head in the morning.

His head was still throbbing unpleasantly when he sat down in the train, and it was an effort to nod it even slightly to the girl with the ring. He tried it, and winced. Then he smiled. That was bad enough, but at least it kept the top of his head intact.

"How are you this morning?" the girl asked. Anthony noted gratefully how low her voice was. "I hope you're not feeling the effects of all that bending down yesterday?"

Anthony assured her that whatever was wrong with him, it wasn't that. Feeling slightly more himself, he commented on the weather, and from there the conversation progressed through cricket (about which she seemed to know a good deal) through football (in which she was equally well versed) to his career and on, of course, to the problem of Miss Davis.

The girl, whose name was Joanna, was, indeed, an excellent conversationalist. She was so obviously interested in all he said, didn't talk too much, and refused to agree that he was selfish for wishing that

Miss Davis's fiancé wasn't going away.

"It's terribly difficult to get a good secretary," she said firmly. "When my last one left, I had to wait three months before I could replace her."

Anthony raised his eyebrows — he was feeling considerably stronger now. "Where do you work?" he inquired directly. And was immediately ashamed of his lack of poise.

The girl, however, was unmoved.

"I'm the fashion editor on a magazine," she said. "It's an interesting job, of course . . . but you don't want to hear about me."

On the contrary, however, Anthony did. His curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. He eyed her more closely. How could he have been so unperceptive? He had thought her undistinguished. Had even used the term "ordinary." He was amazed at himself. He could see now that her clothes had the casualness of true — and expensive — elegance.

Was he falling into the trap of preferring the flamboyant, the obvious? Rita, for instance, was undoubtedly both. He made a mental note to ring her when he got to the office and make some excuse about tonight. He had been seeing her rather often recently. She wasn't the type to get mistaken ideas, but there was no point in taking chances.

Luckily, when he did telephone, she was out. He left a message with her mother, adding that he himself would be out of town for the rest of the day.

Hardly had he replaced the phone when it rang, and for a moment he feared Rita's mother had somehow garbled his instructions. But a familiar low voice reassured him.

She hoped, Joanna said, that he did not mind her ringing. However, she had quite suddenly thought of a perfect secretary for him. Efficient, high speeds, completely reliable. If

he was interested, would he care to have her number? The name was Miss Best.

Anthony expressed his gratitude in suitably warm terms. Then it occurred to him that she might be interested to know how matters developed.

"Would you care to dine with me tonight?" he asked, and pushed the memory of Joanna's fiancé firmly into the background. It was perfectly reasonable, surely, that he should want to tell the girl what had happened?

He was glad to find that Joanna obviously agreed with him. There was only the slightest pause before she assured him that she would love to.

Within an hour of his conversation with Joanna, Miss Best had become his new secretary. When he telephoned her she was very cordial. She would be delighted to call round immediately. Her previous employer had left for America only yesterday, and if they liked each other she could start at once.

She arrived, and there was no doubt she was perfect for the job. Her shorthand was accurate, her typing impeccable.

It was a pity, perhaps, that she was quite so definitely middle-aged. But, of course, that did mean that she would hardly be leaving suddenly to get married.

She came back after lunch to work with Miss Davis, and Anthony knew he had found a rare treasure. It was extraordinary how pleasantly the afternoon passed. In fact, the only shadow over its brightness was the remembrance of Joanna's fiancé.

Considering how much the fiancé was on his mind, it was little short of amazing that he did not notice Joanna's hand till they were sipping their liqueurs after dinner.

Until then the evening had progressed splendidly. Anthony was deep in a most interesting account of the report he was working on, and his flow of words stopped abruptly. Joanna was leaning her chin on her hand, and every finger was

clearly visible. Not one of them sported a ring.

For probably the first time in his life he made an obvious statement without being immediately ashamed.

"You're not wearing your ring!"

"What ring?"

"Your engagement ring!" This hardly promised to be an intelligent conversation, but Anthony was uncaring. Instead, he was watching with consternation tears gathering on long lashes, glinting in deep brown eyes.

"Oh, don't! Joanna, darling, don't!"

She looked away and said candlelight glowed on her hair. Anthony paused a moment to reflect how much more attractive brunettes were than blondes. Then he leaned over to touch her hand.

"Would it help to talk?"

"I'd rather not, if you don't mind," she said in a low tone. "I'll all — rather too new. Dick was awfully understanding, though it came as a shock. But no one can help it if their feelings change, can they?"

The big brown eyes were turned on him again. Some where in his mind a warning voice spoke, and he disregarded it. He felt curiously light-headed.

"Let's have a drink," he said. "Champaigne?"

Joanna smiled back. He was sweet. Should she tell him about the ring? How she had it for years — an enormous white zircon bought with her first salary cheque? How she never worn it, had, indeed, forgotten it, till one morning she slipped it on her engagement finger, just to see how it looked?

Months of sitting opposite an oblivious Anthony in the train had given her that idea.

Should she tell him how she watched him read, learned his interests? About how her old grandmother, who came from Somerset, had often told her, "The tastiest apple's always just out of reach"? Crude, perhaps, but how true!

Should she tell him? Now? Sometime? Never? Perhaps

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DID NOT SHOW THE DIRT.
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MODERN MALES
ARE HELPED BY DRY
CLEANING, FOR
WHICH SHELL
PROVIDES WHITE
SPIRIT AND
OTHER OIL-
BASED
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ANCIENT WARRIORS USED
PETROLEUM AGAINST ATTACKING
HORDES. BOWLS OF BURNING PITCH
WERE POURED ON INVADERS OF
WALLED CITIES, AND
A ROMAN GENERAL
ONCE SMEARED PIGS
WITH OIL, LIT THEM AND
DROVE THE SQUEALING PORK-
ERS INTO THE TERRIFIED
ENEMY RANKS.

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A HUNGRY BROOD

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THE DESCENDANTS
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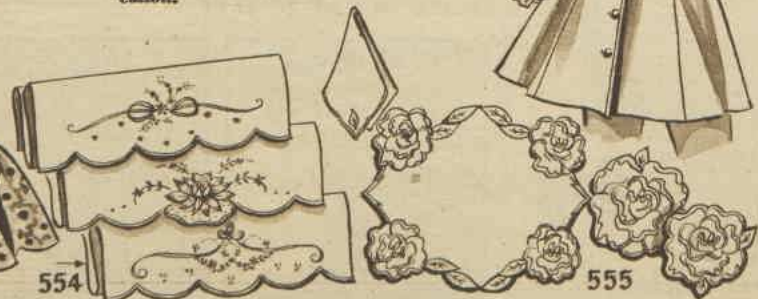
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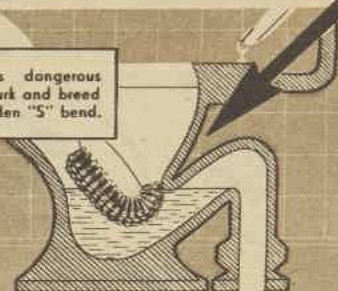
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9/11

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A beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

AF71

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, has accompanied
PRINCESS NARDA: Winner of the world-wide beauty contest, to Magna, a planet unknown to Earth. Narda, with ten million other girls, all the beauty winners of their planets, goes through a beauty-judging machine.

Narda is one of the twelve finalists who will be further judged by the emperor, Magnon, himself. Meanwhile, the lovely but conceited Carola, whose rejection of Magnon's proposal of marriage started the whole beauty contest, receives an invitation to be present at the final judging. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 18, 1957



Cerebos
SALT

IN ITS
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FORM it guards health, assists to
prevent and guard against goitre.



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Ann Travaire, care of the TAA
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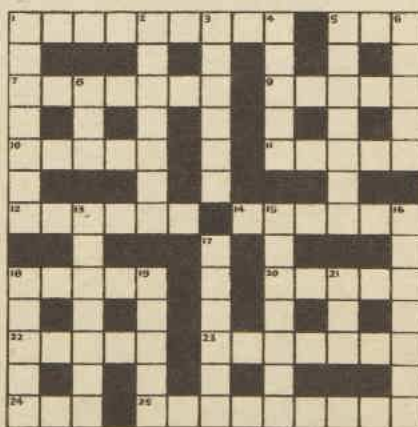
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 18, 1957



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Look the chicken with a teeth-showing smile for an operatic hero (9).
- A backward rodent (3).
- No tempers are shown in these fruits (7).
- Fruit to move after a man (5).
- Exaggerated is not in and about (5).
- Do I start an ornamental napkin for the glasses? Yes (5).
- Once they obtained the philosopher's stone (6).
- Refrigerator suitable for prisons (6).
- The centre of this unit belongs to her (5).
- Strong flavor with a metallic sound (5).
- Trim a Scotch brooch (5).
- Visionary in a pout (7).
- Turncoat produced by evaporation (3).
- Dark and gloomy side-whiskers (9).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- The name of Fidelio (7).
- Slight but not slender (7).
- List which nothing could make a cock (6).
- Wanderer is definitely not demented (5).
- He made Alice visible (7).
- O, my! There is plenty of space, but I'm at the end of it (5).
- Anagram of 24 across (3).
- The earthly giant was conquered by a New Zealander (7).
- Such athletic exercises cannot be done in a gymnasium (7).
- Between 1810-1820 (7).
- At the first cataract on the Nile (6).
- Blab makes a candle (5).
- Philosophical anagram of 4 down (5).
- Husband of Fatimah (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.



QUICK...
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Solypsol
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